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SONGS

OF THE

CHRISTIAN CREED AND LIFE.

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OF THE

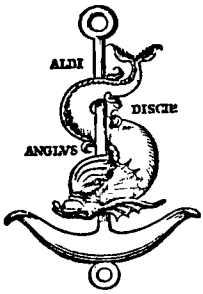
CHRISTIAN CREED AND LIFE

SELECTED FROM EIGHTEEN CENTURIES

61275

AND TRANSLATED BY

HAMILTON M. MACGILL, D.D.



BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING

196 PICCADILLY

LONDON

1876.

00061275

CRAWFORD AND M'CABE, PRINTERS, QUEEN STREET, EDINBURGH

THESE VERSIONS OF

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN CREED AND LIFE,

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY THE TRANSLATOR

TO HIS GRACE

The Most Reverend Richard Chenevix Trench,

ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN,

who, by his wide erudition, his large acquaintance with the writings of the Fathers, and his deep sympathy, at once with vital truth and literary beauty, has done more effective service than any other English critic to sacred Latin poetry.

PREFACE.

THIS volume seems to promise too much, when its title embraces the 'Christian Creed and Life;' and especially when it professes to range over 'eighteen centuries.' The translator, with all deference, has to plead that both parts of the title are strictly true to fact. The Christian creed, and the way of salvation, are distinctly, though in no dogmatic form, held forth in this volume; and in a light which reflects more or less the complexion of all the Christian centuries. An able friend who has perused the volume in *proof*, has, with much felicity, expressed one reflection, which the translations are fitted to suggest, or at least illustrate; and the beauty and comfort of the thought will be most fitly given in the words in which he has clothed it:

'When a Christian looks back over eighteen centuries of his Church's songs, one thought springs up foremost in his mind; the most refreshing of all his meditations. In *these* at least, he finds one bond of brotherly union that never has been broken. Through all these ages, wherever the Godhead of the Redeemer Son has been adored, His worshippers have had but one theme, sung often in the same words. Creed, ritual, the source of Church authority, passion, ambition, malice, and wickedness, have, alas! divided them from one another; but in praise they have remained one—undivided, and, apparently, indivisible.

'The songs which were sung so early in the Eastern Church, and are still in use among its various divisions, are also sung and

long have been, in the Latin Church; and not in these only, but in their various divisions, by many millions who, in Europe and America, and the new-found islands of the South, worship the Lord; though, for authority, they recognize neither the Eastern nor the Western Churches. And not only is this so with the more ancient hymns, but those of later centuries are likewise received by all. How many in different lands, and different tongues, separated by other diversities, unite to sing Toplady's "Rock of Ages," Newman's "Lead, kindly Light," with the hymns of Heber, and the Wesleys and Cowper and Watts, and many, many more. Is it not, then, to be believed and rejoiced in, that united here in the service of praise, the Lord whom they serve is thus, and in this, keeping His children *as one*, though they see it not; and in their united earthly praise preparing them, for the great service above, where they shall together "see His face," "having the harps of God" in their hands, and shall sing "the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb."'

The translator of these 'Songs of the Christian Creed and Life,' has, for some years, devoted occasional hours of leisure to the Hymnology of the Church, in the earlier and mediæval centuries. He is fully alive to the fact, that loads of metrical compositions of the most wooden, or rather leaden character, are extant, bearing the too sacred name of 'Hymns,' or of 'Christian Poetry,' though singularly destitute of the essential elements of either poetry or Christianity. He is, nevertheless, aware that amidst much rubbish, there exists no small sprinkling of the most fine gold, which must prove a rich treasure of delight, perhaps of surprise, to inquirers endowed at once with Christian feeling, and with any gift of poetical appreciation. No small proportion of the baser material in question has overflowed into the numerous Breviaries, now or formerly in use in different places and at different

dates, among the priests of the Roman Church. Few of these compends of devotion could be named, that are not disfigured by so-called hymns, which, from their want of devotion, from their poverty of thought, and their want of poetical conception; as well as from their redundancy of compliment to saints, virgins, especially the Virgin Mary, and not seldom to angels, must prove intolerable to all who have any just idea of the very definition of a Christian hymn.

The incomparable service done to Latin Christian poetry by Archbishop Trench has been in various ways, however inadequately, acknowledged in this volume. To his labours the translator owes his first irresistible attraction to this department of Christian literature. He desires also to make suitable reference to another, whose much greater ecclesiastical remoteness ought not to repress an affectionate allusion. Dr John Henry Newman, in joining the Church of Rome, has left behind him profounder regrets among Protestant admirers, than any other who has yielded to so strange a fascination. Unlike Daniel, Mone, and Wachernagle, Dr Newman has confined himself to four or five Breviaries as his sources of supply; and although his selection is necessarily partial, he has done a service, neglected by all editors of Latin Hymns known to the translator: he has published not a few fine hymns from the *Paris Breviary*, the superiority of which, over other priestly manuals of devotion, may be inferred from the charge sometimes brought against it, that it was prepared under the inspiration of Jansenists.

The selection which follows, though limited, is widely Catholic —in the only proper sense of the term—its materials having been derived, without partiality, from almost all the Churches, and almost all the Centuries. To render it more distinctly evangelical, the

translator has converted into Latin a considerable proportion of our best English hymns, without any wider departure, he trusts, from that standard of Latinity, to which they are conformed, than is usual in similar compositions—a standard of which some explanation and defence is given, in a few paragraphs immediately after the index following this preface.

For several years, having had much to do with what may be described, in scriptural words, as 'the outward business of the house of God,' in connection with the extensive Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Synod, he has found it a congenial task to devote certain 'odds and ends of time' to devotional poetry, including some of those treasures of Latin sacred song which the Christian Church possessed long before the existence of a single pre-eminent original hymn in the English language.

If the question be asked, in reference to these various translations, either from the English, or from the Greek and Latin, *cui bono?* the writer, without obtruding the history or motives of his little work unnecessarily, may suggest, that it is all, as he believes, fitted to serve, more or less, the purpose of devotional *reading*, though portions of it be unsuited and undesigned for acts of worship. The Rev. Dr Ray Palmer of New York, in a letter to the translator, has most justly remarked: 'For *reading*, not less than for singing, hymns should frequently be used; and whatever fixes attention on them must help to extend their usefulness.'

Special thanks are due to friends whose services in the form of valuable suggestions, he cannot adequately acknowledge in this preface. He desires, at least, here to record their names —The Rev. Dr R. J. Bryce, Belfast; Dr A. H. Bryce, Edinburgh; The Rev. Dr George Jeffrey, Glasgow; The Rev. Dr William Lindsay Alexander, Edinburgh; and The Rev. Professor John Cairns, D.D., Berwick-upon-Tweed.

He would congratulate those interested in hymns on the recent revival experienced in this section of Christian literature. He believes in the intimate affinity between this and the revival of life in the heart of the Church. As a rule, hymns of the higher order are the product, as they form in no limited degree the expression, and, indeed, in subordination to the Psalms, the aliment of earnest Christian life; and hence, 'times of refreshing,' in the history of the Church, have conspicuously been times of fresh accessions to her fittest materials for sacred song. In every respect, therefore, whether viewed as historical monuments, as developments of spiritual life and of Christian creed, or as vehicles of devotion, those songs, which express the common mind and heart of all God's people, are to be hailed as harbingers of better times.

H. M. M.

EDINBURGH, 9 DOUNE TERRACE,
11th December 1875.

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Italics indicate a Latin translation of the English Hymn.

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I. ACCENT AND RHYME IN LATIN CHRISTIAN POETRY.

1. There is one class of critics, whose verdict on the Latinity of early and mediæval hymns, and of similar compositions modelled after them, may with perfect confidence be anticipated. We refer to those who, coming direct from the study of the classical standards, would apply the rules, which Catullus or Horace observed, in the structure of their verses, to the compositions of Hildebert, or Adam of St Victor, or Thomas of Celano. It is not enough to remind these critics, of what they ought to remember, that a much less restrained use of iambic and trochaic feet than Horace would have chosen, served the purposes of Plautus and Terence. If they have made no study of mediæval sacred poetry, they must be told, that without abating in the smallest degree, their admiration of the artistic success, with which the masters of Lyrical Latin verse have moulded their prosody, according to their Greek exemplars, they must study later developments of the Latin tongue before pronouncing a judgment on them. These later developments, as they will find, embrace a new literature of many centuries, which has brought out a *native* capacity of Latin, to embody thought and feeling, as far above the range of Horace, as the heaven is higher than the earth.*

A modern tractate, extending over ninety-two pages, has been issued

* It is remarkable that the Venerable Bede, who had cultivated Latin sacred poetry with no small success, who was an accomplished Greek scholar, and thus knew the *genesis* of Latin classical prosody, has given us a treatise 'De arte metrica.' After treating of *Metre*, he introduces Rhythm, of which he says: 'Est verborum compositio non metrica ratione, sed numero syllabarum, ad judicium aurium examinata.' The titles of two of his chapters are these: (15.) Quod et auctoritas sæpe et necessitas metricorum decreta violet. (16.) Ut prisci pœtae quaedam aliter quam moderni proposuerint. He allows great *licence*, on which George Buchanan would have frowned, in substituting other than iambic feet in any except the last of an iambic tetrameter; and while he defends the *third* foot of a Trochaic tetrameter against the intrusion of any but a trochee, he yet surrenders this, and says: 'Aliquando et tertio loco prioris versicuti spondeum reperies.' We could quote from the 'Dies iræ,' the 'Stabat mater,' and other models of the best mediæval and more modern rhythm, evidence that this licence given by Bede, eleven hundred years ago, has been used as occasion has required ever since his day.

(A.D. 1851) by Chr. Theophilus Schuch, '*De poesis Latinæ rhythmis et rimis*,' the very title of which accurately indicates the two points of departure from the classical standard, from which the Christian poets began to diverge early in the fourth century, or even before that time; gradually forsaking the old authorities, until they succeeded, by slow degrees, in establishing a system of their own. During the lapse of several hundred years, Christian poetry laboured almost unconsciously to establish *accent* and *rhyme*, as ruling qualities of verse. Both of these were native to Latin, though latent in the language, so long as it continued, under the hands of the classical poets, to be ruled by *quantity*. The tardy process of this development of rhyme and accent, is traced by Schuch, as its classical basis had previously been by Archbishop Trench; and both writers have given a series of quotations, to which we refer those who desire to examine a change, the full history of which has not yet been written.

2. On this special department, we adopt the criticism of another, rather than offer any of our own. We accept the views of Archbishop Trench, the highest living authority on this subject, who has done more than all other English writers in diffusing sound views on this part of sacred literature, and in originating a taste for ancient Christian Lyrics. In the introduction to his 'Sacred Latin Poetry,' he has explained and defended those reasons, which gradually led to the substitution of accent for quantity, and has satisfactorily established the following positions: (1) That Christianity needed forms more free and elastic, than those by which the Roman poets bound themselves, in order adequately to express her mind and heart; and that the artifices of the Latin prosody, and especially those which were cultivated with so much success, by the most eminent of the classical Lyric poets, would have been bondage to men, who had derived from their Christianity a new system of lofty thought and sentiment, which sought utterance in forms not imposed upon her, but chosen and dictated by herself. (2) Again, he shows that, in virtue of the inherent right and power, by which the religion of Christ was to make all things new, the Christian poets, in due time, began to cast off the bondage of classical quantity, in order to have, at their command,

certain words and expressions, needed for their purposes; and he instances Prudentius, and even an earlier, though less distinguished, Christian poet, Commodianus, as examples of men who were impatient of the restraint which rigid adherence to classical authority would have imposed. (3.) Still further, the liberties used with classical Latin verse implied not merely the disuse of certain prosodial structures of the Greek type, but involved a new adaptation, to new thought, of classical quantity, by making the *accent* of a word dominate, when unavoidable, over its quantity. The Archbishop boldly asserts a *fact*, which many admirers of the purely classical standard are very apt, from their too exclusive knowledge of their only models, to forget: he takes this position, from which he cannot be displaced, that the system of classical quantity, as superseding accent, is not indigenous to the Latin tongue; that so far is quantity from being an ineradicable growth, the language might have set itself, as almost all other languages have done, free from this borrowed constraint, and might have put itself under the rule of accent, had it not been brought under the dominion of the earlier and finer literature of Greece, in which quantity was a native element.

3. It is not needful to quote authorities in defence of *rhyme*, of which Christian Latin poetry gradually availed itself, as a compensation for those wonderful musical cadences which it surrendered, in exchanging the system of long and short syllables for accent. Rhyme, of which many examples can be gathered from the classics, as ornaments *accepted* sometimes, though not sought by the ancient poets, might be quoted,* to prove that this ornament was (unlike quantity) native to Latin, though of later and tardy growth, inasmuch as it was introduced as the compensating alternative of quantity. All we insist upon is this,—that rhyme is indigenous to the Latin soil, is no exotic transplanted from Arabic or Celtic ground; and that few languages, if any, are more rich in rhyming resources, than that in which Cicero spoke, and Virgil and Horace sang. While we honour these poets

* Schuch and Archbishop Trench both cite many examples of classical rhymes. They occur in Ennius, Lucretius, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Martial, Lucian, Claudian. The examples given by Schuch, are especially copious; and he draws not a few Greek instances from Homer, and from the Greek Tragic and Comic writers.

for their incomparable grace, we yet find that a master of their tongue, like George Buchanan—second to none in classical accomplishments—fails to embody the Christian *spirit*, even when he succeeds best in reproducing the classical *form*. We feel bound, therefore, by no law of veneration or of common sense, to forego an ornament, for which the classics left no room, in seeking to enrich the creations of their genius: nor do we feel called on, in deference to their success, without rhyme, to defend it as a legitimate adjunct of emphasis, of beauty, or of melody. It has possessed all these attributes, not only in English, but in most other languages, whether polished or unrefined; and has been cultivated as an art, for centuries, by men of the highest name in European literature. We cannot enlarge upon this interesting subject; yet we take occasion to affirm, that nothing has done so much for the introduction of rhyme into the modern languages, as the diffusion of rhyming sacred poetry in the Latin tongue.

II. SERVICE OF SONG IN THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES.

Formal *metrical* hymns, so far as can now be ascertained, did not exist in the primitive Church. The earliest sacred song extant in Latin, in which measured verse is used, is one of Saint Hilary (No. 93 in our collection), which, having been sent by him, in a letter to his daughter Abra, has come to us, while a whole book of similar hymns, composed by that father, has perished amid the wreck of time. This very fact seems to prove that regularly versified hymns were not in use before his time (A.D. 354), except to a limited degree. The oldest *metrical* hymn in the Greek language, appears to be that of Clement of Alexandria (No. 90), appended to his treatise, called the Pedagogue. It is not to be supposed, however, that song was shut out from private Christian life,* or was not observed in the public assemblies of the early Church. Not only were psalms regularly read or chanted (and not a few details can be given in regard to their selection), but rhythmical and carefully worded sentences, more or less

* See Tatian Contra Græcos. Opera Patrum Græcorum. Vol. iii. p. 90. Wirceburgi 1777.

directly borrowed in sentiment and language from the word of God, were sung, or were solemnly enunciated in a manner, as Augustine* at a later time expressed it, more akin to pronunciation than to singing. Among the scanty allusions of any kind, by Pagan writers to Christianity, or its usages, during the first two centuries, there are two which bear directly on Christian song. Pliny, in his well known letter to the Emperor Trajan, written less than half a century after the death of Paul, describes the Christians of Bithynia, as singing responsively a morning song to Christ, as if he were a God: and the atheist Lucian, who was born about the year 124, and who lampooned all religions, refers to a Christian ode 'having many names,'† alluding possibly to the prose hymn, 'Glory be to the Father,' but more probably to the morning hymn, 'Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace' (No. 1).

The most ancient hymns of the primitive Church, were unquestionably the following:—

(1) 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,' to which was added, at a little later time, these words, 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.'

(2) The hymn of the Cherubim, borrowed from Isaiah's vision, and which, with minor modifications in earlier times, consisted in substance of the thrice repeated ascription of holiness to Jehovah, occurring in Isaiah's prophecies (chapter 6th), was regarded in primitive Christian times as a recognition of the Trinity. It was a morning hymn; and here we find the true explanation of various allusions, both ancient and modern, to fellowship with angels in our morning praise.‡ This thought has been exquisitely expressed in Bishop Ken's morning hymn:—

'Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing,
High praise to the eternal King.'

* Vicinior pronuncianti quam canenti, Conf. x. 33.

† Πολυώνυμον ὠδήν. See Bingham B. 14, 2. 2., who refers to Smith (on the Greek Church) as holding Lucian's reference to be to the *morning* hymn.

‡ Basil. Vol. iii. p. 72, B. (Parisiis 1730). Chrysostom, Homily 69 on Matth. Gregory Naz. (No. 13 *infra*, lines 40-44).

(3) The Hallelujah. This Hebrew word, which means simply, 'Praise ye the Lord,' being probably the most liquid and musical word in any language, became an invitation to *responsive* singing. The devout pronunciation of the word became an act of worship. It sounded through a building like a sweet bell summoning men to praise. This melodious word has wedded itself for ages to music of the highest order. Thirteen centuries before Handel was born, Jerome tells us* that in their psalm-singing, the gilded ceilings of their temples were shaken with the reverberating *Halleluia.*

We do not number among hymns used by the early Church, the song of Mary,† which seems to have been introduced into the morning service in the beginning of the sixth century. Nor can we assign a very high antiquity to that grand hymn, the 'Te Deum,' which never has been, and never can be fitly versified. It was given to the church neither by Ambrose, nor Augustine, nor Hilary, but probably (about the year 535) by Nicetius of Treves. There are two much earlier songs, one for the morning and the other for the evening (Nos. 1 and 2 in our selection), on each of which we shall offer a few remarks.

(4) The morning hymn (No. 1), 'Glory be to God on high,' is very ancient. It is given in the Apostolic Constitutions.‡ It is referred to by Athanasius A.D. 326, and it has been generally accepted throughout Christendom as very ancient.' It is used in the daily morning service of the Greek Church, in the weekly Lord's day service of the Gallican Church, and in the communion service of the Anglican Church.

The two most conclusive evidences of its great antiquity are the following: (1) that the Liber Pontificalis, ascribes it to Telesphorus, Bishop of Rome, A.D. 150,§ and (2) that probably this is the hymn to which

* Sonabant psalmi; aurata tecta templorum reborans in sublime quatiebat Alleluia.

† Luke i. 46.

‡ VII. 47. Palmer, in his Origines Sacrae, Vol. i. 35, refers to the prevalent opinion among the learned, that the Constitutions existed in A.D. 325. Of this particular hymn he says, that it is more than fifteen hundred years old in the Eastern Church, and that the Church of England has used it for above twelve hundred years, Vol. ii. 159.

§ Palmer ii. 158.

Lucian jeeringly refers, as the 'ode with many names.'* On the whole, we have little hesitation in referring this hymn to the second century.

(5) Once more the evening song (No. 2) is unquestionably very ancient. It received at a very early time, a name implying that it was sung at the kindling of the evening church lights.† What fixes its high antiquity is a passage of Basil, where he is handling the doctrine of the Holy Spirit as long ago settled and accepted by the Church, and he quotes, as an *ancient authority*, the words which constitute the kernel of this hymn. In a sentence in which he specifies an old hymn of Athenogenes (A.D. 196), and refers also to the author of this evening hymn, he adds, though he cannot give that author's name: 'At all events the people gave forth this ancient voice or formula of praise.' 'We sing praise to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit of God.' Our conclusion is, that this hymn, which was viewed as ancient, and whose author's name was untraceable in Basil's days, must have belonged to the third century at the very latest, but more probably to the second, and possibly even to the first.

III. NOTES BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

Adam of St Victor flourished in the twelfth century. He was a monk of the order of St Victor, a religious house successively in the suburbs and in the city of Paris. His known sacred pieces, including some compositions of a high order, now number, after some recent discoveries, about an hundred. Archbishop Trench regards Adam as the 'most fertile' and 'the greatest of the Latin hymnologists of the Middle Ages.' In one hymn

* See Bingham, *ut supra*, xiv. 2. 2. The many names are not pointed out by Bingham nor by Smith, whom he quotes. We submit whether the atheistic writer may not very probably have had his eye upon the following, as the 'many names,' Κύριος, Βασιλεῦς, Επουράνιος, Πατήρ, Παντοκράτωρ, Μονογενής, Ιησοῦς, Χριστός, Πνεῦμα, ὁ Ἀμνός.

† ὕμνος τοῦ λυχνικοῦ.

‡ It is remarkable that the editors of that portion of Bingham (xiii. 11.5) do not quote the portion of the passage which relates to Athenogenes, though it specially proves Basil to be speaking of very old authorities, and this in the year 354.

of this exquisite writer, given in our collection (No. 48), a thought common to several of the Christian poets (see Nos. 47 and 51) is wrought out with great skill and beauty. The Latin tongue, in the hands of Adam, is an instrument of marvellous flexibility, such indeed, that, especially in his recondite symbolisms, much of the beauty must evaporate in a translation. This difficulty no translator could have encountered more successfully than Dr Neale, and yet his endeavour can scarcely be counted a success. Augustine, had he attempted rhyme, might have anticipated Adam, for Augustine possessed an acuteness and mastery over words which has never been surpassed; or Hildebert, who knew every artifice of language, might have shown the Victorine the way to his most mystic analogies; but a translator gifted even like these fathers, would probably fail to express all Adam of St Victor's subtleties in flowing English verse.*

Ambrose, *b.* A.D. 340, *d.* 397. See Nos. 4, 49, 89, 94, 95, 97, 98, 99. He was Bishop of Milan, having attained his high position by the force and elevation of his character; qualities which he had occasion to bring into action in dealing, as a bishop, with men both small and great. Of a considerable number of hymns ascribed to him, there are about twelve which may with adequate certainty be counted as his own. These are all composed in iambic metre, in the choice of which he followed the example of Hilary, in using a simple measure, closely resembling what is known in ordinary versions of the Psalms as 'long metre.' This simple rhythm has been largely adopted by hymn-writers in all succeeding centuries. No hymns have been in wider use than those of Ambrose both before and since the Reformation; and they have helped to suggest to hymn-writers during the last fourteen centuries, by their severely grave and simple diction, that a hymn, like a Hebrew psalm, though giving opportunity to the loftiest forms of human thought, is yet, 'when unadorned adorned the most.' In the hymns of this old father, the friend and spiritual guide of Augustine, there

* Though it is no part of our plan to give special notices of any authors, except those whose verses we translate, it were ungrateful to name the late Dr Neale, without a very cordial acknowledgment, that Latin Hymnology owes him an immense debt of gratitude.

is a homely vigour of conception and expression, in beautiful keeping with what was heroic and commanding in his character.

Anselm, *b.*, A.D. 1033, *d.* 1109. He was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, though not an Englishman, having been born in Piedmont, and having passed through several grades as a monk in Normandy. He was a man of deep philosophical acumen, and a profound divine. He possessed great strength of purpose, which he displayed as an '*Ultramontane*' in church politics. He was, nevertheless, a faithful minister, an able theologian, and a Christian deeply devout; though, it is painful to add, that, under the influence of a false tradition, which he did nothing to neutralize, he lived and died an inveterate worshipper of saints and angels. (See No. 83; also notes on Augustine and Damiani.)

Augustinus Aurelius, *b.* A.D. 354, *d.* 430. The celebrated Bishop of Hippo has probably influenced human thought, on the most important of all subjects, more than any uninspired man. He makes some touching allusions to the hymns of Ambrose; but with the exception of a long piece of iambic versification, intended for popular use, against the Donatists (vol. IX. pp. 40-52), he produced nothing, known to us, in the form of Christian song. The beautiful poem of Damiani, on the Joys of Heaven, has been ascribed to him, as has also the spirited verses denominated 'Augustine's Antidote to the Tyranny of Sin,' No. 83. See Daniel, vol. II. p. 378. The explanation of these mistakes is simple. A fame like that of Augustine attracted to itself the more pointed utterances of other minds; when these were copied, as they often were, without their authors' names. The editors of the Paris Benedictine Reprint of Augustine (E. Congregatione S. Mauri), specify (vol. VI. p. 11) a whole series of authors, whose treatises have been incorporated with the works of this great father. We have observed several prayers of singular excellence occurring in the 'Preces Privatæ,' put forth by authority in the reign of Elizabeth, which were then ascribed to Augustine. In the Parker Society's edition, the 'per Augustinum' is amplified by these words: 'aut per hominem versatum in voluminibus Augustini.' This alter-homo is, in many cases, Anselm. Probably the text

of the Antidote (No. 83) was found by Damiani in a passage of Anselm, erroneously ascribed to Augustine. The passage is the following (Augustini opera, VI. p. 1380; and Anselmi, Parisiis, vol. I. p. 296: 'Peccatum in se habet fœditatem suam; in se trahit æternam infelicitatem. Melius est eligere tormentum, quod per se fœditatem non attrahit, quam peccatum quod sua cum fœditate, dolores æternas jungit.' It may be objected to Damiani's authorship of the more exquisite form of this thought, that he belonged to an earlier time of the eleventh century than Anselm; yet they were contemporary for more than half of their lives. The passages of prose ascribed to Augustine, Nos. 62, 65, and 66, which we have attempted to versify, are, like many others in his Confessions, Soliloquies and Meditations, fit to be converted into hymns.

St Bernard of Clairvaux (distinguished from his contemporary Bernard of Clugny), *b.* A.D. 1091, *d.* 1153. His direct authority was limited to the order of monks he founded, but his *influence* probably extended more widely than that of any man of his era. That influence, which wielded mobs, and controlled kings and popes, was based not merely on his commanding eloquence and intellectual power, but on the irresistible force of his earnestness and spiritual character. His writings will continue to enrich and edify those who read them till the end of time. The *missionary* hymn (No. 50) is selected, and partially transposed, from a long and evidently extemporaneous effusion of about fifty stanzas, the thought of which has flowed from Bernard's heart in a spontaneous and uninterrupted stream, without plan or progress, and has left this rich deposit, from which translators have long been quarrying, and hewing; transposing the materials to suit their purpose. We are aware that this poem is held by some, but we think on insufficient grounds, to have been mistakenly ascribed to Bernard. The germs of a multitude of hymns are scattered abundantly through his varied and voluminous prose; and his meditations, letters, and even expositions, especially his commentary on the Song of Songs, irresistibly remind us of the heavenly Samuel Rutherford, whose devotional prose, like that of Bernard, needs sometimes little change to exalt it into poetry.

Bonar, Horatius, D.D., Edinburgh. A living writer of hymns which have been widely accepted by almost all churches which use the English language in their worship. Our collection contains two (Nos. 70 and 76) which we have endeavoured to render into the older tongue. Among surviving British hymn-composers he is *facile princeps*.

Boyd, Robert, *b.* A.D. 1578, *d.* 1627. His name it is customary to connect with the property of his family (Robertus Bodius a Trochoregia), was conspicuously an academical man. He held the office of Principal, first of the Glasgow, and secondly of the Edinburgh University. Being a man of much decision, it will not be thought strange, since the forty-nine years of his life embraced portions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that he should have been subjected to some of the troubles of his time. He occupied, for some years, the position of Theological Professor at Saumur, in France, where he produced his ponderous commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. To this work a well-known theologian, Andrew Rivet (from whose Prolegomena to the commentary we derive most of the facts here recorded) gives the most admiring testimony, endorsing its orthodoxy and praising its eloquence. Boyd, being a scion of a distinguished family (the Regent of that name having been one of his ancestors), was recommended to James VI.; and the king recalled him from his exile to be Principal of Glasgow College. Thereafter he discharged the functions of Principal in the corresponding Edinburgh seat of learning, then a recently established university. This office he held for a very brief time. The influence of the prelatic party was directed against him, and to avoid humiliation, to which a man of lower tone and feebler convictions would have stooped, he sought retirement in his native Trochrig, an estate in the county of Ayr, where he soon afterwards died. Boyd's Christian poem, from which a selection of stanzas has been given (in No. 42), is designated 'Ad Christum Servatorem Hecatombe.' It consists of a hundred Sapphic and Adonic stanzas, a rhythm ill-adapted to a hymn. It seems to have been often printed. We have quoted our selection from Lauder's edition of Arthur Johnston's Latin Psalms, in the preface to which the editor remarks: 'Atque id carmen pueris in scholis, olim, idque meritissimo

perlegi solitum, accepimus.' The merit of this hymn selected from the Hecatombe, we regard as justifying the preceding notice of its author, of whom Wodrow has left a somewhat detailed biography. See M'Crie's *Life of Melville*, vol. II. p. 310.

Buchanan, George (*b.* at Killearn, A.D. 1506, *d.* 1582), was the most distinguished Scotchman of the sixteenth century. Having adopted Reformation principles, and pungently satirized the Franciscans, he incurred the resentment of Cardinal Beaton; and though he had secured the confidence of James V., was compelled to flee Scotland for his life. He accordingly went to France in 1539, where he had repeatedly resided as a student in his earlier days, and where (in Bordeaux) he became a teacher of the Latin language, in which no man of his time was more accomplished. He afterwards became a professor in the University of Coimbra, in Portugal, and was called thence to various tutorships, which he exercised in France and Italy.

In 1556 he published the first specimens of his Latin translations of the Psalms. He calls his version '*Paraphrasis.*' It is executed in a manner which pays less homage to the grand directness and simplicity of the Hebrew style, than to the rules of Latin diction and prosody, his familiarity with which was second only to that of Horace and Catullus. He seems to have wanted that spiritual instinct which ruled Ambrose, and thoroughly guided later composers of Latin hymns, to break those classical fetters which, as Archbishop Trench has demonstrated, would have repressed the development of Christian Latin poetry. The incongruity between the Horatian metres and the Hebrew psalmody, is palpable to those who are familiar at once with Buchanan's Paraphrase, and with the best specimens of Latin hymns. His Latinity, in its idiomatic purity, especially that of his history, is inferior only to the classical models. Were this the place to refer to him specially as a politician, a historian, or a jurist, we might add not a little to his praise; and would have special satisfaction in dwelling on the manliness of his bearing, in an age of adulation, towards his quondam pupil James VI., when they had exchanged places; the preceptor having become the subject, and the pupil the king. Our chief object is to draw attention to Buchanan's

only original Hymn, No. 96 in this collection, composed in that very measure, which seems to have been first effectively consecrated by Hilary and Ambrose to Christian hymnology; and which, in Buchanan's compositions is preserved more exactly than in those of these early fathers, in its classical exactitude. Latin writers with whom Buchanan would not have chosen to be classed, who less regarded the letter than the spirit, by making quantity within certain limits, yield to accent, framed for themselves a prosody much better suited for their purpose than the metres of Horace and Buchanan.

Cameron, Rev. William, *b.* A.D. 1751, *d.* 1811. He was a minister of the Church of Scotland, and altered the hymn of Watts (No. 63), as he did other hymns, to the form in which they appeared in 1781, in the collection of Scottish 'Translations and Paraphrases.'

Charlemagne (*b.* A.D. 742, *d.* 814), like King Robert II. of France, belongs rather to political than literary history; yet to these potentates is ascribed the authorship of hymns to the Holy Spirit, which have attained the very highest place in Christian poetry. Sufficient reason has not been given for depriving their names of the honour of composing respectively these two transcendent hymns (Nos. 54 and 55). In the year 809 Charlemagne was present at a Synod, and took part in its action in affirming the doctrine (embodied in hymn No. 54 last stanza), that the Spirit proceeds equally from the Father and the Son. This is the one hymn which the compilers of the English prayer-book have retained. It is still used on all specially solemn occasions, as it has been for ten centuries, viz., in the installation of popes, the election or consecration of bishops, the ordination of priests, and the coronation of kings. (Daniel I., 207.)

Clement of Alexandria, *d.* in the year 220. The date of his birth is unknown, but he is understood to have become a teacher of Christianity in that city with which his name is linked, about the year 189. His contributions to Christian literature are those of a vigorous and independent

thinker and of an earnest believer. The hymn which he has appended to one of his earliest treatises, called Παιδαγογός, is obviously an emanation of the same mind as produced that treatise. It would not, indeed, be difficult to quote a series of passages, in which are used the same names, epithets, or metaphors, as he employs in his hymn. This effusion, though presenting serious difficulties to a translator, is interesting, as being the first extant *versified* Christian hymn, with a fixed authorship, after the completion of the Christian Scriptures. The best authorities seem to be agreed that sacred song in the primitive church must have consisted chiefly of the psalms, many of which, like other Old Testament odes, were suited to alternate or responsive choirs.* The antiphonal form of Clement's hymn, we think, is evident from its internal structure, which, however, has been marred by the traditional punctuation. We cannot, indeed, accept the highly artificial form into which it has been forced by a recent editor, Albertus Thierfelder (Leipsic, 1868), who by suppressions and transpositions, unsupported by manuscript authority, endeavours to make out a perfect metrical equilibrium among the four parts into which he has divided it.

That a learned man like Clement should have followed the Greek tragic poets, by introducing choric responses into a Christian hymn; and that he should have been opposed in doing so in Alexandria, about the close of the second century, can surprise no one acquainted with his writings. (Neander I. 262–265; Pressensé, Martyrs and Apologists, p. 297.) That a hymn like this of Clement should stand alone, would have been surprising, had we been entirely unacquainted with the reaction against those corrupt maxims and usages, with which the heathen stage was familiar. There prevailed an instinctive jealousy against the introduction of anything resembling the Grecian chorus and its music, into Christian worship; and this narrowness, as some may deem it, seems not to have been overcome by the abundant use of responsive poetry in the Hebrew Scriptures. A century before Clement, that is, previous to the death of Trajan, as we learn from his friend and representative Pliny the younger, antiphonal song and

* Exod. xv. 20, 21; Ps. cxxxv.; Ps. cxxxvi. See Lowth, Hebrew Poetry, ii. p. 25–32.

music had been introduced into Christian assemblies. 'Soliti stato die ante lucem convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere *secum invicem*. (Plinii epistolarum X. 97.) Yet the responsive character of Christian psalmody, to which we find not a few allusions in Augustine (who wrote more than two hundred years after the date of Clement's hymn) seems to have disappeared for a time from the structure of sacred song, mainly, we believe, in consequence of the natural repugnance of Christian minds, against the most distant resemblance to the heathen theatre.

Cowper, William, *b.* A.D. 1731, *d.* 1800. He composed sixty-seven of the Olney Hymns, of which the Rev. John Newton wrote the other two hundred and seventy-three. Mr Newton published the entire collection in 1779.

Damiani, Peter, *b.* A.D. 1002, *d.* 1072 (see No. 83). He was a Cardinal Bishop, who composed various Christian poems of great beauty and pathos. His association with Hildebrand, with whom he was on terms of close affinity, could scarcely but open his eyes, to the sight of personal ambition and thirst for worldly power, under the guise of zeal for the Church. It is creditable to Damiani, that while that haughty ecclesiastic was only climbing the steps to St Peter's Chair, he himself had turned away from the scramble for power, and resigned his Cardinalate, in order to spend his last years in private devotion. Hildebrand ascended the papal throne in the year 1073, under the title of Pope Gregory VII. In the preceding year Damiani died, and verified his own words: 'Jam quod magnum credebatur, nil fuisse cernitur.' We have elsewhere expressed an opinion, that this poet expanded a thought of Anselm, into the spirited effusion, Hymn 83. The life of this amiable Christian man is written by Mabillon, in his Acta Sanctorum, under the date of 22d February (A.D. 1072)—a day accorded to him, as a canonized saint. In the Roman Breviary is recorded a brief outline of his character.

His life was evidently that of a devout ascetic, who in his disinterestedness and devotion, rose much above the common level of ecclesiastics in his day. He was better able to do service to literature, than to administer the matters of the Church, in a time of ambitious reconstruction. Yet he was commissioned to manage certain difficult affairs not likely to be in-

trusted to a man of inferior capacity. Mabillon makes no allusion to any of his verses except those intended by him for his epitaph. He seems to record his approval of the course which Damiani desired to take, and which others can follow, who, unlike him, have no Cardinal's office nor other power or honour to lay down.

> 'Quam bene providit, qui te, male munde reliquit,
> Mente prius carni, quam tibi carne mori.'

Doddridge, Philip, D.D., *b.* A.D. 1702, *d.* 1751 (No. 19). A theologian and a New Testament expositor, who laboured as a pastor, successively at Kibworth, Market-Harborough, and Northampton. He acted for many years as tutor in a Theological Academy in the last-named place, trained many for the Nonconformist ministry, published a considerable number of works on sacred literature, and composed between three and four hundred hymns, which were not given to the world till about four years after his death. He was a man of susceptible temperament, of great capacity and industry, and of earnest Christian life; and made no inconsiderable mark within his wide and important sphere, on the Christian intelligence and life of his own and of the following generation.

Elliott, Charlotte, *b.* A.D. 1789, *d.* 1871 (Hymn 68). The late Miss Elliott is descended of a Christian family, some members of which for not a few successive generations, have been ministers in the Church of England. The names Henry, and John Venn, have long been venerable in connection with the cause of evangelical religion and Christian missions. Miss Elliott's maternal grandfather was the Rev. Henry Venn, Rector of Yelling, the well-known friend of Lady Huntingdon, and the author of 'The Complete Duty of Man.' Her father was Charles Elliott, Esq., Clapham, whose local and evangelical affinities induced Sir James Stephen to claim him as a member of that so-called 'Clapham sect,' which, in his jocose history of it, he loads with alternate layers of eulogy and satire. The remoter relation of Sir James himself to that local evangelical group, for it was not even a fraternity, much less a 'sect,' was a privilege which lent to his reviews a portion of their charm. He calls the Rev. E. B. Elliott, author of Horæ

Apocalypticæ, 'one of the most eminent members of the sect of the second generation.' To Miss Elliott, this author's sister, belongs the same distinction. Her one hundred and twelve hymns, especially that incomparable one with which we have enriched our collection, are enough to confer on her name a kind of honour, which no sect, and no critic can either give or take away.

Flaminius, M. Antonius, *b.* 1498, *d.* 1550, the author of certain pieces of sacred poetry, printed at Paris in 1550, under the title, ''M. Antonii Flaminii, de rebus divinis, carmina ad Margaritam Henrici Gallorum regis sororem.' From this collection a few good hymns, of which we have chosen one (No. 73), were embodied in the Preces Privatæ, collected and approved by royal authority in 1564. An Italian poet of the same name, has left, among the Carmina Illustrium Poetarum Italorum, a number of very graceful verses, vieing with those of Horace, partly in style, and partly in Pagan sentiment. It is conceivable that a man could pen the following couplet before, but certainly not after, an honest attempt to write Christian hymns :—

> 'Sæpe Deûm supplex clamavi numina, sed non
> Audierunt nostra numina surda preces.'

There were two Flaminii, father and son, both poets, specimens of whose compositions are to be found among the 'Poemata Italorum.' Some of the father's pieces may have been mistaken for the son's.

Fortunatus Venantius Honorius, *b.* A.D. 530, *d.* 609 (Nos. 36, 37, 41, 51). He was an Italian, and spent his earlier years in Ravenna, but afterwards lived chiefly in France; where he became, like Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, and where he died, two hundred and forty years later than Hilary, at the age of seventy-nine. His life seems to have been partly divided between travel and verse-making, and partly devoted to the duties of the priesthood. He cannot be said to have been driven from his native country by the incursion of the Lombards, but his return was prevented by the unsettled state

of affairs, resulting from this invasion from the north. His own words reveal his deep feeling that he was a stranger and a pilgrim:

'Tristis erro nimis patriis vagor exul ab oris.'

He passed nine years on the shores of Brittany, but his later life he spent in Poitiers. There is much true feeling in his poetry, yet the hymns we have selected are favourable specimens. A sad blemish, attaching to a large proportion of early and mediæval Christian poetry, is saint worship. The three volumes of Latin hymns edited by Mone are thus distributed: the first volume consists of hymns to God; the second of hymns to saints; and the third of those to angels. From the charge of this lamentable species of idolatry, Fortunatus cannot be absolved. His earliest peregrination seems to have been a pilgrimage to the grave of Saint Martin, where he and his friend Felix, both labouring under serious eye disease, were miraculously cured, by anointing their eyes with the oil of the lamp placed near that Pontiff's grave. Fortunatus repaid this miracle by celebrating the merits and miracles of Martin in nearly three thousand hexameter lines. Many of his pieces honour the name of Queen Rhadegunda, a woman of saintly fame, whose life Hildebert has written, and to whom Fortunatus owed not indeed his sight, as he did to Martin, but his worldly position and at length his bishopric. At her instance he had borne, as her trusted ambassador, not a few messages to kings and bishops. He survived his patroness only a few years.

Gregory of Nazianzus, *b.* A.D. 330-390 (Nos. 13, 84, 85). This voluminous Christian father has attracted to himself the title of theologian rather than of poet, although the mass of his poetry, as printed in the beautiful Paris edition (begun in 1778, and completed in 1840, a period longer than the author's life), exceed in number thirty thousand verses. Some doubt hangs over the dates of his birth and death. Dr Carl Ullman of Heidelberg, who has written a full biography of this eminent father, specifies certain remarkable dates, relating to his father, who, like the son, was a bishop of the Church of Nazianzus. The elder Gregory was born A.D. 275, baptized 325, ordained 329, and died in 374, at the age of ninety-

nine. The son was born in 330, went to Athens about 349, and left that city about 359, was ordained about 361, and died about 390,—his life having embraced emphatically troublous times. In conjunction with his father, and with his friend Basil, Bishop of Cæsarea, he had a long conflict with the Arians.

He became associated in office with his father at Nazianzus, but was summoned, at a later time, to the bishopric of Constantinople, as the fittest advocate of evangelical truth against the powerful Arian party. From this position he was, ere long, driven, by a stormy faction of ecclesiastics, influenced by motives which the noble nature of Gregory spurned. He succumbed to an opposition which he could not respect, and surrendered the bishopric to which he had so lately been promoted. He yielded to the storm with a grim humour, flavoured with contempt, reminding us of his vigorous tone elsewhere (Nos. 87, 88). He invited his enemies to dismiss him, saying, in the tempest of opposition raised against him, in the words of Jonah: 'Take me up and cast me into the sea, so shall the sea be calm to you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you.'

Not a few of his poems are of a plaintive and complaining cast, due partly to that sensitive temperament which was nursed and intensified by the ascetic fallacies which he and his friend Basil did too much to foster. His poetry being mainly the product of his later years, when he had grief and wrongs not a few to remember, is tinged with a certain melancholy which seeks relief in utterance. His father died, as we have seen, in extreme old age. The younger Gregory, on occasion of his father's death, delivered a funeral oration in the hearing of the people, his mother being present, her own departure, as soon appeared, being near at hand, to whom turning, he uttered those memorable words: 'There is only one life; that is, to live with a constant view to the divine life. There is only one death; that is, sin. When we have learned to think thus, O my mother, then shall we not feel elated on account of life, nor alarm ourselves on account of death.'

Soon thereafter this mother (Nonna) attended the funeral of her son Cæsarius, dressed in white, intimating thereby her persuasion, that the day was rather a nuptial than a funereal occasion. Cæsarius had lived in the palace, as the physician of two emperors, first of Constantine, and afterwards of Julian the apostate. He had kept, in this tempting situation, his

Christian integrity. His mother soon followed him to the assembly of the spirits of the just made perfect. 'I no longer have Basil,' says Gregory, under a sense of loneliness, 'no longer Cæsarius, the one my spiritual, the other my natural brother. I may say with David, "My father and my mother have forsaken me;" the Church is without a shepherd; good is disappearing; we are journeying in the night; also there is only one escape for me from these evils, and that is death.' This utterance was in keeping with the good man's shrinking temperament, which was in chronic conflict with his heroic sense of duty. This conflict is the secret of whatever was vacillating in the life of Gregory. His mother gave no example of this feebleness. She seems to have possessed the germ of that force, in virtue of which her family have, under God, attained a place in the memory of the Church for the last fifteen centuries, which they will hold for centuries to come. In one page of his history, Neander, speaking of the mothers of Chrysostom, of Theodoret, of Augustine, informs us that the elder Gregory was won to Christ by Nonna his wife, and that by the blessing of God, she accomplished a similar result on behalf of her children.

Hartmann was a learned monk of St Gall in Switzerland, a Benedictine establishment, founded by a Scottish missionary in the eighth century. Hartmann seldom went out of the monastery. He devoted himself to its peculiar occupations, and ruled as its Abbot from 921 till 924, when he died. To this monk is ascribed the little rhyming hymn (No. 24), a piece to which he was evidently more than equal. He seems to have anticipated Notker, to whom Dr Neale mainly attributes the introduction of those hymns termed sequences. Of this kind of spiritual songs, Hartmann seems to have composed, at least, a few. He was conversant with Greek and Hebrew, and possessed some knowledge of Arabic. These accomplishments were scantily diffused among the monasteries of the tenth century; but St Gall was long and justly celebrated for its learning; and it is not any stretch of imagination to conceive Hartmann sitting under the shelter of that old Abbey, with his Greek and Hebrew manuscripts before him; surrounded by other learned monks, copying some of those classical treasures, which have enriched that monastery through one half of the Christian era.

Heber, Reginald, *b.* 1783, *d.* 1826 (No. 52), the son of an English clergyman. He was Bishop of Calcutta for the last three years of his life, was a man of much force of character, of high accomplishments, and of unquestionable genius. Besides other poetical effusions, he has given to the world fifty-seven hymns, some of which, from their elevation of thought and dignity of expression, have taken a permanent place in Christian psalmody. The hymn on Christ's coming to judgment, was one of those he first published in the *Christian Observer*, A.D. 1811. Referring, in his preface, to his first collection, 'intended for the use of his own congregation,' and speaking justly of familiar and 'erotic addresses to Him whom no unclean lips can approach,' he says: 'It is not enough to object to such expressions that they are fanatical—they are positively profane.'—*Life*, vol. I. p. 371.

Hilary, *d.* A.D. 369. The year of his birth is unknown, but as he was a convert from Paganism, and had a wife and family at the time of his ordination, he probably was born near the beginning of the century. He became Bishop of Poitiers in France, about the year 350. He is entitled to special notice, as the first of extant Latin Hymns (No. 93 in our collection) has, on adequate authority, not indeed unquestioned, been ascribed to him. That beautiful effusion is well entitled to stand in the first rank, for higher than mere chronological reasons. Its priority in time, rests on sufficient evidence, for Hilary entered on his episcopal functions, in Poitiers, about a quarter of a century before Ambrose became bishop, in the more important city of Milan. Among the lost works of Hilary is specified a *book of hymns*. But besides the morning hymn above referred to, probably not more than other four ascribable to him are extant; and it is not superfluous to observe, that in most of these, special references are devoutly made to the Holy Spirit.

None of the fathers of the Church, and we may add, few of the moderns, have treated the subject of the Trinity theologically, in a manner more original and profound than Hilary. The Arian conflict had made much progress before the tidings of it disturbed the Church at Poitiers. The controversy had developed violent ecclesiastical partisanship and passion, and even political faction—elements alien to the subject, and foreign to the mind of Hilary—before any formulated statement of the question in dispute,

had been set before him. But his theology, drawn from the two sources of God's word and the experience of his own Christian life, had prepared him promptly to declare himself on the side of Athanasius. This he did, however, with the reservation of one who comprehended the principles of religious liberty, which few in any past century have ever understood so well; and so, when the Emperor Constantius arrived in France, in the year 355, with the view of recruiting the Arian ranks he found in Hilary one who had his mind made up upon the question; and who was prepared, with manly frankness, to give a reason for the hope that was in him, with meekness, if not with fear. Such was this ancient Latin hymnologist, who has been quoted with respect on the question of the Trinity, by writers on this subject, from Augustine to Dorner.

Hildebert, *b.* A.D. 1057, *d.* 1134. He was Bishop of Mans (Cenomanensis civitatis) probably for twenty-eight years, and was thereafter for nine years Bishop of Tours. Some confusion attaches to these dates. The life of this eminent and devout bishop seems to have been in keeping with the elevation of his sacred poetry. Those who have sketched his life refer to his humility, his devotion, his beneficence, and his intrepidity. The editor of the best edition of his works, referring to the completeness of his character, in the active as well as the contemplative virtues, says, that it combined in one, both Martha and Mary. Archbishop Trench refers justly to the excessive praise bestowed by Hildebert on his teacher, Berengarius. Yet this tendency in such a man was not the result of weakness, or defective penetration; but sprang from deep constitutional veneration and affection. We might cite from his letters to Anselm (who was his senior by many years), and to Bernard of Clairvaux, much his junior, expressions of regard which, proceeding from a less manly nature than that of our poet, or addressed to smaller men than the English archbishop or the French monk, would appear downright adulation; whereas it was the simple utterance of esteem and admiration, directed to two of the greatest and best men of his time, to whom it would be hard to name a superior, even in an age when great men were not scarce.

It is interesting, and not out of place to note, that Hildebert had applied

to Anselm * for the perusal of a treatise on the Holy Spirit, which that able Theologian had delivered in the Council of Beri. This treatise Anselm had sent for Hildebert's perusal. Those who appreciate the grand and marvellous poem on the Godhead (No. 5–11 in our collection) would be interested in the profound discussion of this subject in Anselm's Monologue, and would not be surprised at Hildebert's appreciation of it; for the Archbishop's prose, though less skilfully compacted, is cast in the same mould with the amazingly precise and impressive verses of our author. Hildebert thanks his friend, in terms as honest as they were grateful; but which to some may seem extravagant (Epist. 53, 161). 'Et dies laetus, et vultus solemnes, cum tuo tractatu mihi pariter accesserunt. Susceperam prius benedictionem tuam servus ego, servus tuus; et egit gratias Deo et tibi devotus affectus meus. Humanum quidem fuit subvenire proximo, per compassionis affectum; sed divinum, fidem defendere Catholicam, per inhabitantem in te Spiritum sanctum. Utrumque autem operatus est unus ac idem Spiritus, volens tibi virtutum exuberare gratiam, quem suæ processionis a Filio defensorem reservabat.' He closes his letter in the following manner :—'Farewell most holy father; I know that with desire, my soul desires to see thee, and I would encounter wind or sea if it were only allowed me to get that safe counsel from thee, which I believe is nowhere to be found, if not with thee.'

This letter was written while Hildebert was yet the 'humble priest of Cenomans,' that is, before the year 1097. One-third of a century thereafter, when he, as the Archbishop of Tours, had opened correspondence with Saint Bernard, who was his junior by thirty-four years, and after these men had exchanged the stateliest, and yet the most cordial compliments, asking each others prayers,† Bernard solicits his friend's influence

* Anselmi Epist. 160.

† Epistolæ Bernardi, 122, 123, and 124. Hildebert, referring to Bernard's reputation (like ointment poured forth), says:—'Being aware of your devotion, I have earnestly desired to be admitted to the inner chamber of your fellowship, so that I might be with you, in remembrance, when you steal away from intercourse with mortals, and speak in behalf of mortals, to the King of Angels.' Bernard, in his answer, observes :—'As to what respects myself, I see in your letter, not what I am, but what I wish to be, and what it will never shame me to become. Nevertheless, whatsoever I am is *yours;* and if, by the gifts of God, I ever be anything more worthy, be it made over to you as yours, most revered and most beloved Father.'

at a critical time, when Innocent II. was in the act of claiming St Peter's Chair, though he had not received the suffrages of Hildebert and of others. He tells the Archbishop that the persecutors of *Innocent* persecute *innocence* itself. 'We do not blame your tardiness,' says Bernard, 'that is a sign of gravity, and takes away the appearance of your acting lightly. But do not carry this delay too far. I confess to feeling shame, that the old Serpent, by a new stretch of audacity, leaving senseless women, should seem to try the strength of your heart, and should attempt to shake such a pillar of the Church. But we are confident, that though the pillar be shaken it will not be cast down, since the friend of the Bridegroom *standeth*, and rejoiceth because of the Bridegroom's voice, a voice of joy and safety, a voice of *unity* and *peace*.'

Kelly, Thomas (*b.* 1769, *d.* 1855), composed 767 hymns, few of which are equal in merit to the one we have selected (No. 44). He was ordained to the ministry, in the Episcopal Church, but separated himself from that communion.

Keble, John, *b.* 1792, *d.* 1866, an eminent clergyman of the Church of England, who has produced a large amount of devout and soothing Christian poetry, full of exquisite touches, and marvellously free from errors in taste. He specifies 'the *soothing* tendency of the Prayer-Book' as that feature which, in his Christian Year, it was his chief purpose to exhibit. This design accounts at once for one chief excellence, and also for one main defect of 'the Christian Year.' From a poet of such elaborate finish and unfailing beauty, it were perhaps too much to expect outbursts of vigour and fire; yet, for such qualities, most readers would gladly exchange, sometimes at least, the monotony of unimpeachable smoothness and grace. His Evening Hymn (No. 92), even in its usual truncated form, is one of the most perfect in the English language; yet it is not superfluous to note, that its finest stanza bears a remarkable resemblance to the following words in the well known hymn to the Guardian Angel :—

'Quo sine nolim mori
Nec ausim vivere.'

NOTES BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

Kirke-White, Henry, *b.* 1785, *d.* 1806. A young poet, a laborious student, and a devout Christian, who died in the midst of an eager struggle for scholarly pre-eminence, which he would have reached had his life been spared but for a little longer. His sun went down while it was yet day, for he died before completing his twenty-second year. Of the few hymns he wrote no one is equal to the fragment, which, as retouched by Fanny Fuller Maitland (No. 82), appears in many collections. This lady's hymns appeared in 1827, in a volume with the title: 'Hymns for Private Devotion, Selected and Original.'

Mauburn, John, *b.* 1460, *d.* 1502. The most notable circumstance in this man's life seems to be, that he composed, besides other spiritual songs, a poem of thirteen stanzas, of which the three given in No. 20 of our collection, are of conspicuous merit, and have been widely accepted as a Christian hymn. It seems to have been much more extensively used among Protestants than Roman Catholics, though its author was a monk, who spent the last part of his short life as Abbot of Livry, a village about ten miles from Paris. The hymn is one which demands, as it deserves, a musical rendering suited to the progress of its thought, beginning with the tender, and closing with the triumphant.

Neumark, George, *b.* 1621, *d.* 1681; **Nicholas Heermann**, *d.* 1561. Fragments of hymns by these two writers have been woven into a separate song, fit to be sung in the certain hope of a glorious resurrection. Neumark held the position of librarian at the Court of Weimar. Hermann was a schoolmaster at Touchimsthall in Bohemia. He published, two years before his death, a collection of hymns and tunes. We give, in the words of Mr Sedgwick, Sun Street, London, what we have learned of this compilation in its English form (No. 61 in our collection) from which we have translated it into rhymed Latin: 'Nicholas Heermann's hymn, "Wenn mein stundlein vorhauden ist," has been the dying song of many pious Christians, of princes, and others; and it is also said to have been a favourite hymn of the late deeply lamented Prince Consort. Two stanzas of it (4, 5) were sung, in an English translation ("I shall not in the grave

remain"), by Edgar Alfred Bowring, at his funeral in St George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 23d of December 1861.' The fragment of Hermann, with the concluding *chorale* from Neumark, constitute a unique and beautiful utterance of that blessed hope which conquers death.

Newman, John Henry, D.D., *b.* in London, 1801 (No. 80), a living author who probably did more than any other, not excepting Keble or Pusey, in originating the Oxford movement embodied in 'Tracts for the Times.' The offence occasioned by these Tracts culminated when *number ninety* of the series made its appearance; and when Mr Newman, its author, was censured by the University authorities, as breaking down the line of Protestant defence, which separates the Anglican communion from the Church of Rome. On his making the *obvious* discovery that, with the views he held, his position would be more logically and morally tenable in the Romish Church, he left the Church of England and entered into the fellowship of Rome. This step has ever been viewed as a calamity by the party which he abandoned; inasmuch as it contained the verdict against Anglo-Catholicism, of a judge surpassed by none in logical subtilty, in moral honesty, and in knowledge of the case. Dr Newman is thoroughly acquainted with the merits and demerits of the Latin hymns. No better selection than his own, from *Church* hymns, if judged by his standard as a Roman Catholic, could be made. His earlier labours as an editor appeared before those of Daniel, who might have enriched his own collection, by introducing some hymns from Newman's. This, however, would have involved what Daniel did not design, the introduction of hymns later than the fifteenth century.

As an author and translator, Newman has done notable service to English hymnology; and in partial proof of this, we specify his beautiful translation of the greatly transmuted and much improved hymn of Ambrose, as given in the Paris Breviary—'Jam lucis orto sidere (see Nos. 95 and 98);' and his still more exquisite original hymn—'Lead, Kindly Light,' composed at Palermo, while he was yet doubtfully on the Protestant side.

Newton, John, *b.* 1725, *d.* 1807 (No. 16). He was ultimately Rector of St Mary's, Woolnoth, London; but before this, and after his great change,

he was Curate of Olney, where he became the friend and counsellor of William Cowper, whose timid steps often carried him through his own garden, contiguous to that of the parsonage, when he had not courage to go round by the village street, to meet with Mr Newton. Newton's force of thought, and his experienced devotion, were united with Cowper's humble trust in Christ, and poetic fervour in producing the Olney hymns; a collection of sacred pieces which we believe the Church of the future will not willingly let die.

Palmer, Ray, D.D., *b.* 1808, a living American hymn-writer, who, within the last few years, has become more favourably known in that character than any other American. His hymn, beginning 'My Faith looks up to Thee,' takes rank among the twelve or twenty which stand highest in the English language. The Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson mentions, in the singularly accurate biographical index to his 'Hymns for the Church and Home,' that the Syrian Protestants were in the act of singing this hymn in Arabic, when the Druses burst in upon them in the massacre of 1860. They had just reached these lines when they were savagely interrupted:

'While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.'

Perronet, Edward, a Wesleyan minister, and afterwards one of Lady Huntingdon's Connection, whose death occurred in 1792, a few months after that of John Wesley. His hymn (No. 15 in our selection), 'All hail the power of Jesus' name,' is often used on occasions of special hope or of unusual solemnity. It was sung, for example, in the act of solemnly constituting the Evangelical Alliance.

Prudentius, Aurelius Clemens, *b.* A.D. 348, was a Spaniard, and a Christian poet, whose poetry was the result of his conversion late in life. The year 424 is named as that of his death; but this date is no more than a conjecture. It seems that his cordial acceptance of the gospel did not

take place till 405. At the age of seventeen he applied himself to the study of rhetoric, and surrendered himself to the art of making the worse appear the better cause. This hackneyed charge against a certain class of legal pleaders we do not throw out at random. Not only does Cicero declare it to be a capital aim of the rhetorical art, to teach how it is possible, by dint of speaking, to make the worse appear the better cause ('quemadmodum causa inferior dicendo fieri superior posset'); but Prudentius himself, in his penitential introduction to the Cathemerinon, confesses to have yielded as a pleader to this sin:

'Mox docuit toga
Infectum vitiis falsa loqui, non sine crimine.'

His life, previous to his conversion at the age of fifty-seven, was somewhat eventful, for he evidently held twice what may be called Colonial government appointments:

('Bis legum moderamine
Fraenos nobilium reximus urbium');

and he was afterwards promoted to a high position in the army. On all his past life he looks back with sorrow, and resolves to devote his age, now when his locks were becoming grey, to the blessed occupation of Christian song:

'Peccatrix anima stultitiam exuat;
Saltem voce Deum concelebret si meritis nequit;
Hymnis continuet dies,
Nec nox ulla vacet, quin Dominum canat.'

This resolution he made good by inditing, after his middle age had passed, more than ten thousand lines, of which various estimates have been formed, but which no man, with any just feeling of poetry, not to speak of religion, can lightly esteem. Some critics are tempted by the facility of punning on Prudentius. Fortunatus, alluding to the abundant references in his poems to the martyrs, thus plays upon his name—

'Martyribusque piis hæc donaria mittens,
Prudens prudenter Prudentius immolat actus.'

Cardinal John Bona calls him Prudentius Pindarus Christianus dulcissimus

et prudentissimus Christi vates. Taubmann adds another epithet—prudentissimus et eruditissimus. Scaliger calls him elegantissimus poeta; and even Erasmus, with all the weight and caution of his praise, speaks of him as breathing such an air of saintliness and sacred erudition, as to deserve being numbered among the Doctors of the Church. He has unquestionably incurred the criticisms of the mere grammarians, who are apt to borrow one another's strictures; and yet we find specified in the Delphin edition of his poems, only forty-three instances in which it is alleged he has erred in *quantity*, to which these grammarians assigned a higher place than Prudentius chose to give it. We shall add, in a note, the bold and most just remarks of Archbishop Trench upon this subject:*

Robert II., King of France, ascended the throne on the 24th October 997, on the death of his father, better known as Hugh Capet, than by any more kingly name. Capet, who was a vigorous and prudent man, became the founder of a dynasty, and his son Robert became the progenitor of a long succession of French kings, none of whom seem to have equalled him in regard to the higher attributes of character, although several excelled him in capacity to reign. It is worth notice, that Charlemagne, the second monarch after the previous revolution, and Robert the second of this new dynasty, which supplanted the Carlovingian line, have contributed two of the finest hymns to the Holy Spirit, ever composed (Nos. 54 and 55). Archbishop Trench has pronounced King Robert's hymn (No. 55 in our collection) the 'loveliest,' as the 'Dies irae' is the 'grandest,' of all the Latin hymns. This estimate is not likely to be questioned. Robert II., though a lover of

* 'When it is charged against Prudentius, in the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, that "his Latinity is not formed, like that of Juvencus and Victorinus, upon the best ancient models, but is confessedly impure," that is really his praise—namely, that, whether consciously or unconsciously, he did act on the principle that the new life claimed new forms in which to manifest itself,—that he did not shrink from helping forward that great transformation of the Latin language, which it needed to undergo, now that it should be the vehicle of truths which were altogether novel to it. Let any one compare his poems with those of Juvencus or Sedulius, and his vast superiority will be at once manifest—that superiority mainly consisting in this, that he does not attempt, as they did, to pour the new wine into old bottles, but has felt and understood that the new thoughts and feelings which Christianity has brought into the world, must of necessity weave new garments for themselves.'—*Sacred Latin Poetry* (1864) *p.* 120.

peace, had to taste the bitterness of war, and the 'superior pain' of power. He had formed no high estimate of the value of an earthly crown, for he refused the kingdom of Italy, and the imperial throne of Germany. *When*, we are tempted to ask, since his day, have the kings of France been found declining kingdoms, or inditing immortal hymns? It is most pleasing to think of this unworldly monarch, like another psalmist, consecrating his royal home, by inviting the Blessed Spirit as his guest, singing his own simple lines to his own music (for in 'concord of sweet sounds' he was proficient), and obtaining as he sang, the fulfilment of his own prayer :—

'Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est languidum,
Rege quod est devium.'

We shall specify here an honour, unique in its kind, which has been put by the Protestant Church on this hymn of King Robert. It is quoted in the Augustan Confession, composed by Melancthon, and presented to Charles V. in Wittenberg, in the year 1530, by the heads of the Protestant Church, including some of the most illustrious princes of Germany. The section in which the testimony of this hymn, as one long used in the Church, is invoked, relates to 'good works;' and in the passage referred to, it is contended by the Reformers, that human faculties and powers, without the Holy Ghost, are beset with sinful tendencies, and are too weak to perform works good in the sight of God. Quare et Christus dixit, 'sine me nihil potestis facere' et Ecclesia canit :

'Sine tuo Numine,
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.'*

Robertson, William B., D.D., minister of Trinity United Presbyterian Church, Irvine, Ayrshire, ordained in 1843. Dr Robertson has composed several pieces, such as 'the Veiled Bride,' and 'the Child's Angel,' in the exquisite style of that which appears in our collection (No. 56). He is known to have written other poems of a kindred merit, which he is too reluctant to give to the world.

* Sylloge Confessionum : Augustana Confessio 1531 (non 1540). Oxonii 1827 p. 133.

Scott, Sir Walter, *b.* at Edinburgh 1771, *d.* at Abbotsford 1832. His finest hymn (No. 79), for it is not his only one, as the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' attests, was given in Ivanhoe in 1821. Were we asked to name a half dozen of the most eminent men, whom Scotland has produced, and to whom a seventh cannot yet be added, Sir Walter would stand high on the list. We name them in the order of their times:—John Knox, George Buchanan, Robert Burns, Walter Scott, Thomas Chalmers, and one more, for whom we shall not cease to hope, who still survives in advanced age, after leaving his deep mark on the thought and language of his country; one whose insight into retribution in human history, cannot but scorn the shallow materialistic scepticism of an age, which he has been teaching to hate shams, and revere righteousness. It is not out of place to say that all these Scottish 'Mighties,' with one exception, or perhaps two, are more or less identified with the literature of hymns.

Sedulius, Coelius, the first known Scottish writer, flourished in the first half of the fifth century. It is impossible with certainty to say at what precise time he was born or died. A prevalent and well sustained opinion is, that his life embraced the reign of Theodosius, and hence the year 430 is specified. Others name A. D. 470, as more accurately marking the time when it might be said he 'flourished.' But that time cannot, we think, be justly assigned to so late a date. Fortunatus names five Christian poets, in the following order (and we add the date when each is understood to have flourished):—Juvencus, A.D. 330; Sedulius, first half of fifth century; Prudentius, converted 405; Paulinus, died 458; Arator flourished 560: and Fortunatus seems to name them in the order of their dates, an order which fits precisely the assumption that Sedulius belonged to the first half of the fifth century. The most satisfactory indication of the date of his chief poem is its dedication to Theodosius, whose reign extended from 408 to 450, and this coincides with our conclusion, suggested by the lines of Fortunatus, that Sedulius flourished during the first half of the fifth century.

We enter into these particulars, because they seem to fix, within narrow limits, the time when the first known Christian poet, indeed the first known

author of Scottish nationality, lived and wrote. Had he continued in his own country, he should never have been heard of. But by his native force of character, and at the prompting of his teacher, who has been designated Bishop Hildebert, he went forth in quest of learning. He travelled, we are told, in France, in Italy, in Asia, in Greece, and at length acquired splendour (*refulsit*) as a teacher of Christianity in Rome. He is referred to by not a few writers, such as Isidorus, Sigebertus, and Bede. The last named father (A.D. 672-735), who was a judge of sacred poetry, and who descanted on Latin prosody with the precision, and with much of the nomenclature of a modern critic, treats Sedulius very much as a prosodic model. His principal poem is a minute, lively, and occasionally picturesque narrative of the Scripture miracles, and extends to 1700 hexameters, composed on the Virgilian standard. Probably the best lines he ever wrote, are those we have given in No. 25 of this collection.

The age and the fatherland of this Christian poet irresistibly suggest inquiries regarding the introduction of Christianity into Britain; for we do not recognise the conjecture that his native land was Ireland. The early annals of the Christianity of Scotland, like those of England, are wrapt in mist hopelessly impenetrable; not, indeed, because it wants professed historians, but because of that facile faith by which, at centuries of distance from the facts, they have turned legend into history. We marvel at the industry with which a man of such sagacity as Archbishop Ussher, has laboured to build up an historical structure out of materials so dubious as those which constitute British Church history in the first three Christian centuries.*

We doubt not but Christianity reached both England and Scotland,

* Ussher (A.D. 1580-1656) in his *Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Antiquitates* after quoting Bede, the highest and most ancient authority he cites, whose history was completed in the year 731, writes down the names of no less than twenty-three authorities, who give a like number of conflicting dates (ranging from the year 137 to 190), to which the acceptance of Christianity by the British king Lucius is assigned. The story is, that Lucius sent a letter to Pope Eleutherus, entreating, as Bede expresses it, that he might be made a Christian ('Christianus efficeretur'). The request was granted, and Ussher gives in full the Pope's letter of reply! That some reality belongs to this narrative, as pointing to the introduction and partial spread of Christianity in Britain in the second century, is evident from the hold which the story has taken on the earliest annalists of Britain.

separately and independently, before the end of the second century. But, with Dean Milman,* we believe it had almost entirely disappeared under the hand of persecution, and the barbarous inroads of pagan tribes. In the year 432, about the very time when Sedulius had settled down in Rome, St Patrick, commiserating Ireland, went forth from a Scottish village, to seek the conversion of the Irish people. This generally admitted fact implies the presence of Christianity in Scotland; as does the existence of our Scottish Christian poet Sedulius, and of Hildebert, from whom he received his early training. This first teacher of Sedulius is named in the early Scottish list of 'Bishops'; but it is the merest fancy to count him as aught else than Bishop and Presbyter in the scriptural sense (Acts xx. 17, 20) in which thousands had been so, between his days and those of the Apostles, not a few of these having ministered in and around Rome itself.

There is one source of information of a general kind relating to the early spread of Christianity, to which Ussher very cursorily refers, and which we deem of more value than a score of later authorities. Tertullian tells us that, in his time, parts of Britain into which the Romans had not then found access (evidently referring to the north), were subject to the true Messiah. In a passage of singular eloquence, arguing with the unbelieving Jews, he names many nations such a- Judah, Babylon, the old kingdom of Nebuchadneser (from India to Ethiopia), the empire of Alexander over Asia, the Germans, '*the Britons, shut up within the circuit* (ambitum) *of their ocean,*' the Moors, the Getulians, the Romans: and he adds these words: 'Yet the kingdom and the name of Christ are extending everywhere; He is believed on everywhere, among all the above-named nations; everywhere is worshipped; everywhere reigns and is adored.' This passage was written in the second century, and being of the nature of a challenge, constituted an appeal to indubitable history.

Thomas of Celano, the reputed author of the *Dies irae*, flourished in the earlier half of the thirteenth century. He died after 1250, though in what precise year seems to be unknown. He was the disciple and biographer of St Francis of Assisi, and is the author of two hymns of a sadly super-

* Latin Christianity, Vol. ii.

abundant class—we mean those addressed to saints—none of which do we deem worthy of translation. The two to which we refer were composed in honour of Saint Francis, who, with all his errors, as the founder of the Franciscan order, could not have inspired a high-toned man like Thomas of Celano, his most intimate disciple, with the unfeigned respect, amounting to worship, embodied in these two hymns, had he not been eminent in the saintly virtues. Luther has spoken of Francis thus: 'He was, no doubt, an honest and just man. He little thought that such superstition and unbelief should have proceeded out of his life.' There can be no doubt that the author of his first memoir had, in composing it, the just consciousness of dealing with a character at once pure and true.

The contribution, however, for which Thomas of Celano is famous, is his hymn on the day of judgment. It has so grouped, and so tersely and compactly expressed, certain scriptural images, as to have laid hold, for ages, of the human imagination; and probably next to divine revelation, has moulded the popular conception of that great and terrible day. The Trochaic stanza, with its double rhyme, though the easiest in Latin, from the wealth of that language in words having a suitable termination, is certainly the most difficult in our own English tongue; and the Trochaic measure seems an indispensable adjunct to the hymn. The incomparable imitation by Sir Walter Scott, fails only in this particular, and in its being but a fragment. There are three particulars connected with this hymn, on each of which we offer a remark.

(1.) The idea of the final judgment is primarily one of revelation; yet, in this case, the human conscience endorses and attests the utterances of inspiration. Hence the final conflagration is announced,

'Teste David et Sybilla.'

The Sybil has, by mistake, been likened to a '*spaewife!*' No two conceptions stand more widely apart, than that of the weird and beggarly fortune-teller who trades on vulgar curiosity, and that of this majestic creation of the old classical mind, the Sybilline prophetess, who gathered up and embodied in hexameters, amongst other prognostications, the floating idea of a rewarding and avenging *Nemesis.* It is this grand personification,

which, in sympathy with the earliest fathers of the Church, Thomas of Celano calls in, along with David, as a witness of the coming judgment; and what is this, but a true rendering of Bible poetry, when it invokes human *conscience*, and bids even 'the sea roar, and the fields rejoice, before the Lord; for he cometh; for he cometh to judge the earth.'

(2.) There is a reading of the verse:

'Qui Mariam absolvisti,'

which we deem preferable, on higher grounds than mere manuscript authority. The line just quoted, turns a baseless conjecture into a personal wrong, against the earlier life of one of the humblest and gentlest of women; and we accept the other reading as not improbably the true one:

'Peccatricem absolvisti.'

(3.) The last four lines are probably the manufacture of a later age, introduced to make the hymn not what it was intended by its author, namely, a prayer of the living, but to make it, at the close, a prayer for the dead. This idea, so foreign to the hymn, we have designedly excluded in our translation. The feebleness of the superadded termination ought not, however, to be misunderstood. It is the hush and the calm, after the thunder has ceased to 'bellow through the deep.' In no other view could this *finale* be endured.

Kempis, Thomas A., *i.e.*, Thomas Hämmerken of Kempen, a village in the diocese of Cologne, was born A.D. 1380, and died 1471, at the age of 91. His reputation rests on his alleged (certainly not unquestionable) authorship of the '*Imitation of Christ*,' a book more widely circulated than any other, excepting the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress. Of the undoubted productions of his pen, his spiritual song on the joys of heaven (No. 64 in this collection) is pronounced by competent judges as pre-eminently the best of all his poetry.

Toplady, Augustus Montague, *b.* 1740, *d.* 1778. Though a somewhat voluminous writer, who has proved himself an able thinker, on the more difficult points of Calvinistic theology, which he defended with vigour against the Arminian system, Toplady is yet much more widely known as

a hymn-writer than in any other character. Of his hymns, amounting to more than one hundred, a few take the highest rank in the English language. Of these few, Nos. 58, 74, and 91 in our collection, may be safely cited as examples. His resolute defence of the divine sovereignty in all its aspects, has exposed him to the severity, if not antipathy, of certain critics, whose theology, to say the least, has neither been more honestly embraced, nor more successfully defended, than his own. Southey refers to his adoption of 'all the vulgar Puritan calumnies against Charton and Laud,' and states, with seeming *animus*, the interesting fact, that he was converted at the age of sixteen, 'in an Irish barn, by an illiterate lay preacher. Toplady was an earnest man, warmly loyal to his own convictions. His intensity revealed itself in other forms than theological controversy. It sought an outlet in a volume of poetry, published before he had reached the age of twenty. It expressed itself in action; for when he discovered that the presentation to his first 'living,' in the Church of England (at Blagdon) had been purchased for him, his conscience could not rest till he had resigned it. The same fervour sparkled in his preaching. It glowed in his hymns; and seems to have connected itself, through excessive and consuming study, with his early death, at the age of thirty-eight.

Watts, Isaac, D.D., *b.* 1674, *d.* 1748. For upwards of a hundred years the hymns of Isaac Watts have been more widely sung than those of any other sacred poet in the English language. Over Great Britain and America, and amongst all sects, in the little churches, and among the scattered rural homes of our colonizing population, who are laying the foundations of great future commonwealths at the ends of the earth, multitudes are every day singing the hymns of Isaac Watts; which, indeed, have become so free of all the world, as to be often unassociated with his name. It is remarkable, however, that this 'father of English hymnody,' who has written so many admirable, some of them transcendent stanzas, should have composed not a few astoundingly void of taste. Little need be said of the life of Dr Watts, which though lengthened to seventy-four years, and though fruitful of literature, not only in sacred verse, but in theology and in philosophical speculation, was yet largely the life of an invalid.

Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, though touched with Isaac's affliction and devotion, yet indulges in his wonted imperious prejudice; for, not only does he advise his readers to imitate Watts 'in all but his Nonconformity,' but makes the following sweeping remarks, in which he unconsciously breaks his own head, not against the fame of Watts so much, as against the loftiest monument on which the name of poet ever was inscribed. The ponderous critic had forgotten the Psalter, when he penned these words, pointing them to Watts: 'His devotional poetry is like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction!'

Wesley, Charles, *b.* 1708, *d.* 1788. Charles Wesley excelled his elder brother in the composition of hymns, as far as John excelled him in action and organization. From the year 1738 to 1763, Charles issued nearly a score of volumes of sacred poetry; and the number of his hymns in all amounted to more than six thousand. Next to Watts, his fervid effusions have ministered to the devotion of churches and families in this country and in America. His life was inseparably linked with that of his brother, whom, at the age of twenty-seven, he accompanied to America as a missionary of the Gospel Propagation Society. This position he soon relinquished, and returned to England, where he spent his life as 'the poet of Methodism, and as one of its most popular preachers.

In his preface to the Wesleyan Methodist Hymn-Book, John Wesley, as its compiler, exacts a kind of loyalty to his own text, which he did not always observe towards that of others. The history of the society of which he was the founder and ruler, furnishes, along with his surpassing zeal, toil, and spiritual success, the excuse for that autocracy to which he rose among his brethren. He lays down a law, the principle of which has been systematically trampled under foot, in reference to hymns, more than any other kind of literature, for the last fifteen hundred years. That rule is probably, at this moment, more rigorously enforced by public opinion than it ever was in any previous age; and though unsupported by Wesley's own example, it is expressed by him with a confidence and force fit for one who felt that his word was law. Speaking of 'gentlemen' who might ven-

ture to change the hymns in his collection, he says: 'I desire they would not attempt to mend them: for they really are not able. None of them is able, to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore I must beg of them, one of these two favours,—either to let them stand just as they are, and to take them for better for worse; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men.'

Xavier, Francis, *b.* 1506, *d.* 1552. He was born of a noble family in Spain. He was one of the earliest and most devoted followers of Ignatius Loyola. He became a Jesuit missionary and went to India. In this capacity he passed to Ceylon, Malacca, and Japan; and died at the age of forty-six, within sight of China, for which he was bound, seeking a fresh field of missionary labour. An estimate of his missionary influence has been formed in a biography of Xavier, by the late Rev. Henry Venn, than whom no one, was better qualified to do justice to the subject. The result of Mr Venn's survey of the life and labours of this earnest and self-sacrificing Romish missionary, amounts to this,—that while it is impossible to explain his life, without a cordial admission of his unselfish, and heroic faith and devotion, yet his subjection to popish doctrine, and to Jesuit discipline, led him to present an utterly distorted Christianity to the heathen; so that the myriads who were counted as his converts were, with few exceptions, it is to be feared, destitute of the knowledge, the faith, and the life, by which a Christian is distinguished from a pagan.

The twin hymns of Xavier (Nos. 77 and 78) in our selection, are not meritorious specimens of Latinity, or of Mediæval metre, but are interesting on higher grounds. They have been sometimes rendered into English in a tone of exaggerated disinterestedness and self-annihilation, which is not only out of accord with Scripture, but is not in harmony with Xavier himself. The two hymns in question are an effusion, not of his *Jesuitism*, but of his *Christianity*. How sad that a system, so oppugnant to the gospel, should derive its very designation from that name 'which is above every name.'

*** *It is worth notice that hymn* 77 *would be much improved if its first stanza were replaced by stanza first of No.* 78.

AUTHORS AND THEIR CENTURIES.

CENTURIES		HYMN
SECOND,	Morning Hymn, *Anon.*,	1
,,	Evening Hymn, *Anon.*,	2
THIRD,	Clement of Alexandria, *d.* 220,	90
FOURTH,	Hilary, *d.* 369,	93
,,	Ambrose, *b.* 340, *d.* 397,	4, 49, 89, 94, 95, 97, 99
,,	Augustine, *b.* 354, *d.* 430,	62, 65, 66
,,	Gregory of Naz., *b.* 330, *d.* 389 or 390,	13, 87, 88
FIFTH,	Prudentius, *b.* 348,	26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 38, 39, 40, 84, 85, 86, 100
,,	Sedulius, *fl.* 430,	25
SIXTH,	Fortunatus, *b.* 530, *d.* 609,	36, 37, 41, 51
SEVENTH,	Evening Hymn, *Anon.*,	81
EIGHTH,	Primitive Witnesses, *Anon.*, quoted by Bede,	57
NINTH,	Charlemagne crowned by Leo III., A.D. 800,	54
TENTH,	Hartmann of St Gall, *d.* 924,	24
,,	Advent Hymn, *Anon.*,	22
,,	Robert II. of France, succeeded 997,	55
ELEVENTH,	Damiani, *b.* 1002, *d.* 1072,	83
,,	The Redeemer's Resurrection, *Anon.*,	46
,,	Anselm, *b.* 1053, *d.* 1109 (*see* Augustine),	83
,,	Hildebert, *b.* 1057, *d.* 1134,	5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11
TWELFTH,	Bernard, *b.* 1091, *d.* 1153,	50
,,	Adam of St Victor, *d.* 1192,	48
,,	The Hope of Israel, *Anon.*,	18
THIRTEENTH,	Thomas of Celano,	53
FOURTEENTH,	Thomas A. Kempis, 1380-1471,	64
,,	Advent Hymn, *Anon.*,	35

CENTURIES		HYMNS
FIFTEENTH,	Our Lord's Passion, *Anon.*, 14th or 15th,	75
,,	Mauburn, 1460-1502,	2
,,	Flaminius, 1498-1550,	73
,,	Advent Hymn, *Anon.*,	21
,,	Advent Hymn, *Anon.*,	34
SIXTEENTH.	Xavier, 1506-1552,	77, 78
,,	Christ's Love in Dying,	71
,,	Buchanan, 1506-1582,	96
,,	Easter Morning Hymn, *Anon.*,	45
,,	Easter Hymn, *Anon.*,	47
,,	Nicholas Heermann, *d.* 1561,	61
SEVENTEENTH,	Robert Boyd, 1578-1627,	42
,,	George Neumark, 1621-1681,	61
EIGHTEENTH,	Isaac Watts, 1674-1784,	43, 63
,,	Toplady, 1740-1778,	58, 74, 91
,,	Doddridge, 1702-1751 (published 1755),	19
,,	Charles Wesley, 1708-1788,	17, 60
,,	Perronet, *d.* 1792,	15
,,	Morrison, 1749-1798	67
,,	Cowper, 1731-1800,	14, 59, 72
,,	Newton, 1725-1807	16
,,	Paris Breviary, Reprint 1735,	3, 12, 23, 98
NINETEENTH	Heber, 1783-1826,	52
,,	Kirke-White, 1785-1806,	82
,,	Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832	79
,,	Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871	68
,,	Kelly, 1769-1855,	44
,,	Keble, 1792-1866,	92
,,	John Henry Newman, *b.* 1801,	80
,,	Horatius Bonar, *b.* 1808,	70, 76
,,	Ray Palmer, *b.* 1808.	69
	New Year, *Anon.*,	101
,,	W. B. Robertson, ordained 1843,	56

PART I.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN CREED.

FIDEI CHRISTIANAE CARMINA.

Ὕμνος ἑωθινός.

I

Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις Θεῷ,
Καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς εἰρήνη,
Ἐν ἀνθρώποις εὐδοκία,
Αἰνοῦμέν σε,
Εὐλογοῦμέν σε,
Προσκυνοῦμέν σε,
Δοξολογοῦμέν σε,
Εὐχαριστοῦμέν σοι,
Διὰ τὴν μεγάλην σου δόξαν,
Κύριε βασιλεῦ ἐπουράνιε,
Θεὲ πατὲρ παντοκράτωρ.
Κύριε υἱὲ μονογενὲς,
Ἰησοῦ Χριστὲ,
Καὶ ἅγιον πνεῦμα,
Κύριε ὁ Θεὸς.
Ὁ ἀμνὸς τοῦ Θεοῦ,
Ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ πατρὸς,
Ὁ αἴρων τὰς ἁμαρτίας τοῦ κόσμου,
Ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN CREED.

THE ANGEL SONG.

Morning Hymn.

1

GLORY be to God on high,
Peace on earth, to men good will;
Thee we praise and glorify,
Bless, and thank, and worship still.

Thou art clothed in glory great,
Homage, Lord, to Thee we bring,
Swaying worlds Thou didst create,
God and Father, Heavenly King;

And to Thee, God's only Son,
Jesus, the Incarnate Word;
And to Thee, O Blessed One,
Holy Spirit, God and Lord.

Lamb of God, Eternal Son!
Thou that takest sins away,
Sins that have the world undone,
Pitying hear us when we pray.

THE TRINITY.

Ὁ αἴρων τὰς ἁμαρτίας τοῦ κόσμου,
Πρόσδεξαι τὴν δέησιν ἡμῶν.
Ὁ καθήμενος ἐν δεξιᾷ τοῦ πατρὸς,
Ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς.
Ὅτι σὺ εἶ μόνος ἅγιος,
Σὺ εἶ μόνος κύριος,
Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς,
Εἰς δόξαν Θεοῦ πατρός.—Ἀμήν.

Primo aut secundo saeculo.

II

ΥΜΝΟΣ ΕΣΠΕΡΙΝΟΣ.

Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης,
Ἀθανάτου πατρὸς οὐρανίου,
Ἁγίου, μάκαρος,
Ἰησοῦ Χριστὲ,
Ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ τὴν ἡλίου δύσιν,
Ἰδόντες φῶς ἑσπερινὸν,
Ὑμνοῦμεν πατέρα καὶ υἱὸν
Καὶ ἅγιον πνεῦμα Θεόν.
Ἄξιος εἶ ἐν πᾶσι
Καιροῖς ὑμνεῖσθαι φωναῖς
Ὁσίαις, υἱὲ Θεοῦ,
Ζωὴν ὁ διδοὺς, διὸ
Ὁ κόσμός σε δοξάζει.

Primo aut secundo saeculo.

TRINITAS.

Thou that takest sins away,
Sins which have the world undone,
Mercy grant us when we pray,
Hear us from Thy Father's throne.

Jesus! Thou art Lord alone,
Holy in Thy works and ways;
For Thou art the anointed One,
To the Eternal Father's praise.

First or Second Century.

EVENING HYMN.

2

HOLY Jesus! Blessed Light,
Beaming with the likeness bright
Of the Father, who on high
Reigns immortal in the sky.

As we watch the setting sun,
Seeing dusky eve begun,
Father, Son and Spirit! we
Lift our even-song to Thee.

Thou art worthy to receive,
Evermore at morn and eve,
Hymns of praise ascending high,
Voiced and winged with melody.

Son of God all praise be Thine,
Thou impartest life divine;
Therefore all the world will raise
Songs of glory to Thy praise.

First or Second Century.

JESUS CHRISTUS.

AD PATREM.

III. Credo in Deum Patrem

NIL laudibus nostris eges,
Sed filios amas, Pater;
Multaque cælestem prece
Vis provocari gratiam.

Tui profunda consilii
Noctis canat silentium;
Tuae jubar clementiae
Splendor diei praedicat.

Tantis minor miraculis
Mens obstupet, vox deficit;
Tacere sed totis nequit
Amor medullis aestuans.

Erumpat ergo: Te memor
Clamet parentem, qui mala
Praesentis aevi mitigas,
Spondes futuri praemia.

Huc vota tendunt cordium;
Infirma sed tardat caro;
Quae ducit ad Te, da sequi
Dux ipse Jesu, semitam.

E. BREVIARIO PARISIENSI.

JESUS CHRIST.

TO THE FATHER.

I believe in God the Father.

3

THOU needest not our feeble praise;
Yet with a Father's love,
Delightest when Thy children cry
For mercy from above.

Let the deep silence of the night,
Sing of Thy searchless ways;
Let morn and midday as they shine,
Thy brighter mercy praise.

Beneath these mighty wonders, Lord!
Our hearts, our tongues, are stilled;
Yet Love knows not to hold her peace,
And all her heart is thrilled:

Then let her burst into a song!
And claim a Father's love,
To hide us in this evil day,
And point to realms above.

Thither, though flesh and heart are weak,
Our souls' desires ascend:
Jesus! O be Thyself our Guide,
Who art our Way and End.

PARIS BREVIARY.

PRECATIO AD JESUM.

IV. (Credo et) in Jesum Christum.
Hymnus Matutinus.

SPLENDOR Paternae gloriae,
De luce lucem proferens,
Lux lucis, et fons luminis,
Dies diem illuminans:

Verusque sol illabere,
Micans nitore perpeti:
Jubarque sancti Spiritus
Infunde nostris sensibus.

Votis vocemus et Patrem,
Patrem perennis gloriae,
Patrem potentis gratiae,
Culpam releget lubricam.

Confirmet actus strenuos,
Dentes retundat invidi:
Casus secundet asperos:
Donet gerendi gratiam;

Mentem gubernet, et regat;
Sit pura nobis castitas:
Fides calore ferveat:
Fraudis venena nesciat.

Christusque nobis sit cibus,
Potusque noster sit fides,
Laeti bibamus sobriam
Profusionem Spiritus.

JESUS CHRIST.

PRAYER TO JESUS.

I believe in Jesus Christ.
Morning Hymn.

4

THOU image of the Father, bright!
Effulgent glory, Light of light,
Fountain divine that streams for aye;
Thy radiance fills the realms of day.

True Sun! illume our inner sight;
Pour down Thy Spirit's living light;
Through all our senses, o'er our head,
Unsetting Sun! Thy brightness shed.

Father of lights! on Thee we call;
Father of glory, All in all,
Father of grace and power, we pray,
Put all our sin and guilt away.

Each earnest deed make strong and pure,
Bid Satan cease to wound or lure;
Make smooth the path of grief and care;
Our burden give us grace to bear.

Control our hearts, and all within,
Keep our whole being pure from sin:
Let faith with holy fervour toil,
Nor touch the poison cup of guile.

Jesus be Thou our bread from heaven;
Let faith athirst for Thee be given;
Then let us drink with joy, until
Our hearts and souls Thy Spirit fill.

DEUS PATER.

Laetus dies hic transeat:
Pudor sit ut diluculum:
Fides velut meridies:
Crepusculum mens nesciat.

Aurora cursum provehit,
Cum luce nobis prodeat,
In Patre totus Filius,
Et totus in Verbo Pater.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc, et per omne saeculum.

AMBROSIUS, A.D. 340-397.

ORATIO DEVOTISSIMA AD TRES PERSONAS SS. TRINITATIS.

V. **Ad Patrem.**

ALPHA et Ω, magne Deus, 1
Heli, Heli, Deus meus,
Cujus virtus totum posse,
Cujus sensus totum nosse,
Cujus esse summum bonum,
Cujus opus quicquid bonum;
Super cuncta, subter cuncta;
Extra cuncta, intra cuncta;
Intra cuncta, nec inclusus;
Extra cuncta, nec exclusus; 10
Super cuncta, nec elatus;
Subter cuncta, nec substratus;
Super totus, præsidendo;
Subter totus, sustinendo;
Extra totus, complectendo;
Intra totus es, implendo;

Then glad the day we shall begin;
Blush with the morning for our sin;
Our faith grow like the midday bright,
But know no twilight, and no night.

As dawn ascends to noon of day,
Be Thou our rising Sun for aye;
Thee, let us in Thy Father see,
And find the Father all in Thee.

Unto the Father, God of heaven,
And to the Son be glory given,
And to the Spirit, evermore,
One God, the God whom we adore.

AMBROSE, A.D., 340-397.

HILDEBERT'S MOST DEVOUT PRAYER TO THE THREE PERSONS OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

5 **To the Father.**

ALPHA, Omega, Almighty! 1
God, my God, most high most true;
Thine it is creation filling,
All to know and all to do.
Highest good lives in Thy Being;
Working good, undoing sin,
Thou art over all and under,
All beyond and all within;
All within, yet not included,
All above but not upstayed; 10
All beyond but not excluded,
Under all, not underlaid.
All Thou art, o'er all presiding,
All beneath, sustaining all,
All beyond, all things embracing,
All within, Thou fillest all.

Intra, nunquam coarctaris,
Extra, nunquam dilataris;
Super, nullo sustentaris;
Subter, nullo fatigaris.

Mundum movens, non moveris,
Locum tenens, non teneris,
Tempus mutans, non mutaris,
Vaga firmans, non vagaris.
Vis externa, vel necesse
Non alternat tuum esse:
Heri nostrum, cras, et pridem
Semper tibi nunc et idem:
Tuum, Deus, hodiernum
Indivisum, sempiternum:
In hoc totum prævidisti,
Totum simul perfecisti,
Ad exemplar summæ mentis
Formam præstans elementis.

VI. **Oratio ad Filium.**

Nate, Patri coæqualis,
Patri consubstantialis,
Patris splendor et figura,
Factor factus creatura,
Carnem nostram induisti,
Causam nostram suscepisti:
Sempiternus, temporalis;
Moriturus, immortalis;
Verus homo, verus Deus;
Impermixtus Homo-Deus.
Non conversus hic in carnem;
Nec minutus propter carnem:
Hic assumptus est in Deum,
Nec consumptus propter Deum;

Though in all, Thou art unbounded,
All beyond, yet distant never;
High o'er all but not upholden,
Under all nor burdened ever.

Wandering worlds, unmoved Thou movest,
All containing, uncontained:
Changing times, Thyself unchanging,
Change restraining, unrestrained.
Fate within or power beyond Thee,
There is none to bend Thy will;
Boundless past and boundless future,
All to Thee are present still.
For to Thee all time is ever
But a glorious to-day;
And in it forecasting, framing
Worlds on worlds, spirit or clay,
Thou dost mould them to the pattern,
Imaged in Thy thought for aye.

6 **Prayer to the Son**

Son of God, Thy Father's equal
Of His substance, and arrayed
In the brightness of His glory,
Maker! yet like creature 'made,'
In our garb of flesh Thou camest
For our rescue from on high:
Born in time, though everlasting,
Deathless, Thou didst come to die;
God in man, and man in Godhead,
God with mortal flesh allied;
Manhood not with God confounded,
Godhead not undeified.
One in Godhead with the Father,
He has mortal flesh assumed:

Patri compar Deitate,
Minor carnis veritate:
Deus pater tantum Dei,
Virgo mater, sed est Dei:
In tam novâ ligaturâ
Sic utraque stat natura,
Ut conservet quicquid erat,
Facta quiddam quod non erat.
Noster iste Mediator,
Iste noster Legislator,
Circumcisus, baptizatus,
Crucifixus, tumulatus,
Obdormivit et descendit,
Resurrexit et ascendit:
Sic ad cælos elevatus
Judicabit judicatus.

ORATIO AD SPIRITUM SANCTUM.

VII. Oratio ad Spiritum Sanctum.

Paraclitus increatus,
Neque factus, neque natus,
Patri consors, Genitoque,
Sic procedit ab utroque
Ne sit minor potestate,
Vel discretus qualitate.
Quanti illi, tantus iste,
Quales illi, talis iste.
Ex quo illi, ex tunc iste;
Quantum illi, tantum iste.

Pater alter, sed gignendo;
Natus alter, sed nascendo;
Flamen ab his procedendo;
Tres sunt unum subsistendo.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Man is to God's bosom taken,
And yet man is unconsumed.
God Most High and Virgin mother,
Claim that first-begotten One.
Mystic tie! it links both natures,
Ours with His who fills the throne:
Both uniting, both conserving,
Marvel heretofore unknown!
O Almighty Mediator,
Thou art Lawgiver for me:
Circumcised, baptized, uplifted,
Thou didst hang upon the tree.
Lowly laid in sleep and buried,
Thou didst rise and soar on high;
Judged by men, Thou com'st to judge them,
Throned in glory in the sky.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

7 **I believe in the Holy Ghost.**

God the Spirit, uncreated
Comes, unborn, the Holy One;
One with both, alike proceeding
From the Father and the Son:
Equal in His power and glory,
Nor diverse in being He;
One is He, with them in greatness,
One are all those Blessed Three;
Equal when, and wheresoever
Space may stretch or time may be.

One is Father by begetting,
One by being born is Son;
And the Spirit from both proceedeth,
Yet the Three subsist in One;

Quisque trium plenus Deus,
Non tres tamen Dî, sed Deus.
In hoc Deo, Deo vero,
Tres et unum assevero,
Dans Usiæ unitatem,
Et personis Trinitatem.
In personis nulla prior,
Nulla major, nulla minor;
Unaquæque semper ipsa,
Sic est constans atque fixa,
Ut nec in se varietur,
Nec in ullâ transmutetur.

VIII. **Fides vera.**

Hæc est fides orthodoxa,
Non hic error sive noxa;
Sicut dico, sic et credo,
Nec in pravam partem cedo.
Inde venit, bone Deus,
Ne desperem quamvis reus;
Reus mortis non despero,
Sed in morte vitam quæro.
Quo te placem nil prætendo,
Nisi fidem quam defendo:
Fidem vides, hanc imploro;
Leva fascem quo laboro;

Per hoc sacrum cataplasma
Convalescat ægrum plasma.
Extra portam jam delatum,
Jam fœtentem, tumulatum,
Vitta ligat, lapis urget;
Sed si jubes, hic resurget;
Jube, lapis revolvetur,
Jube, vitta dirumpetur;

Filled alike with all the Godhead,
Not three gods, but One in Three,
In one glorious being blended,
Three are One Divinity;
One in undivided essence,
While in persons they are Three.
In these persons none is prior,
Higher, lower in degree:
Each has been the same for ever,
And for evermore shall be;
From all inner change and outward,
To all everlasting free.

8 **The True Creed.**

This the faith is, true and holy
From all noxious error free,
As I utter I believe it,
So the devious path I flee.
Wondrous love! O God most gracious,
That in guilt but not despair,
Hell deserving, I, in dying,
Endless life may seek and share.
Nought I offer to appease Thee,
Save that in this faith I rest;
I believe, unbind my burden,
Leave me not with guilt oppressed.

Power of God unto Salvation.

By this mystic means of cleansing,
Balm for dying souls is made.
Though Thy creature all-corrupting,
Corpse-like in its grave be laid,
Under winding-sheet and tombstone,
Speak! it will obey Thy call,
Give the word! the stone is lifted,
Give the word! the grave clothes fall;

Exiturus nescit moras,
Postquam clamas : Exi foras.

In hoc salo mea ratis
Infestatur a piratis ;
Hinc assultus, inde fluctus,
Hinc et inde mors et luctus ;
Sed tu, bone Nauta, veni,
Preme ventos, mare leni ;
Fac abscedant hi piratæ,
Duc ad portum salvâ rate.

IX

Infecunda mea ficus,
Cujus ramus ramus siccus,
Incidetur, incendetur,
Si promulgas quod meretur ;
Sed hoc anno dimittatur,
Stercoretur, fodiatur ;
Quod si necdum respondebit,
Flens hoc loquor, tunc ardebit.

Vetus hostis in me furit,
Aquis mersat, flammis urit :
Inde languens et afflictus
Tibi soli sum relictus.
Ut infirmus convalescat,
Ut hic hostis evanescat,
Tu virtutem jejunandi
Des infirmo, des orandi :
Per hæc duo, Christo teste,
Liberabor ab hâc peste ;
Ab hâc peste solve mentem,
Fac devotum, pœnitentem ;
Da timorem, quo projecto,
De salute nil conjecto ;

For it wots not how to linger
Summoned so from death and thrall.

On this sea my bark is tossing,
Driven by winds, by pirates pressed,
Here by foes and there by tempests,
Crying, dying, all distressed.
But do Thou O Holy Pilot,
Come and calm the wind and sea,
Bid begone those Demon Pirates,
Steer me safe to port with Thee.

True my fig-tree has been barren,
And its branches withered all;
'Hew it, burn it,' were the sentence
That might quickly on it fall,
But for this year! Mercy spare it!
Dig and prune and wait return,
If it yield no fruit—(I utter
Woful words)—'then it will burn.'

Satan's rage, in fire and water,
Plunges me as if his own,
So that sunken, scorched and weary
I am cast on Thee alone.
Heal me, O Almighty Healer,
Bid the infernal foe depart,
To Thyself with prayer and fasting,
I would bring this smitten heart:
By these twain as Thou dost witness,
Grace will set my spirit free,
Disenthralled from plague of Satan,
Lowly will I worship Thee.
Give me godly fear, and give me
Love to cast out dark despair,

Da fidem, spem, caritatem;
Da discretam pietatem;
Da contemptum terrenorum,
Appetitum superiorum.

X

Totum, Deus, in te spero;
Deus, ex te totum quæro.
Tu laus mea, meum bonum,
Mea cuncta, tuum donum;
Tu solamen in labore,
Medicamen in languore;
Tu in luctu mea lyra,
Tu lenimen es in irâ;
Tu in arcto liberator,
Tu in lapsu relevator;
Motum præstas in provectu,
Spem conservas in defectu;
Si quis lædit, tu rependis;
Si minatur, tu defendis:
Quod est anceps tu dissolvis,
Quod tegendum tu involvis.

Tu intrare me non sinas
Infernales officinas;
Ubi mœror, ubi metus,
Ubi fætor, ubi fletus,
Ubi probra deteguntur,
Ubi rei confunduntur,
Ubi tortor semper cædens,
Ubi vermis semper edens;
Ubi totum hoc perenne,
Quia perpes mors gehennæ.

Faith and hope to temper wisely,
Earthly life with heavenly care.
Give me, worldly lust disdaining,
Relish for celestial fare.

God a Portl

God! my all, I trust Thee ever,
God! to Thee is all my quest.
Highest good! my song, my portion,
In my labour Thou art rest,
In my weariness refreshment,
In my grief, my song my lyre,
To my fretted spirit bringing
Music soft to soothe mine ire.
From my straits Thou dost enlarge me,
Stumbling, lead'st me on my way,
Onward going dost uphold me,
Falling bidd'st me hope for aye.
Is wrong done me? Thou avengest;
Threatened? Thou dost raise Thy shield.
Thou dost solve the dark and doubtful,
Shrouding what must be concealed.

Perdition.

God forbid that I should ever
Pass within that nether realm,
Where all fear and woe and weeping,
All who enter overwhelm.
Where each sinner is confounded,
And each sin uncovered lies,
Where is woe that never endeth,
And the worm that never dies.
And where death for ever dying,
Cries for rest but vainly cries.

Cantus de urbe celestiali.

XI Me receptet Syon illa,
Syon, David urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber Auctor lucis,
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus.
In hâc urbe lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis:
In hâc odor implens cælos,
In hâc semper festum melos;
Non est ibi corruptela,
Non defectus, non querela;
Non minuti, non deformes,
Omnes Christo sunt conformes.

Urbs cælestis, urbs beata,
Super petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto,
Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro.
Quantum tui gratulantur,
Quam festive convivantur,
Quis affectus eos stringat,
Aut quæ gemma muros pingat,
Quis chalcedon, quis jacinthus,
Norunt illi qui sunt intus.
In plateis hujus urbis,
Sociatus piis turbis,
Cum Moÿse et Eliâ,
Pium cantem Alleluya. Amen.

HILDEBERTUS, A.D. 1057–1134

11 **A Song of the Heavenly City.**

O in Zion! peaceful city!
Let my wandering soul be stayed;
He who made the sun hath built her;
Of the cross her gates are made;
Living stones her walls and pillars,
King of kings her light and shade.
No night shrouds that city golden,
Endless spring and peace are there,
All her sky is filled with fragrance,
And with songs of joy her air;
No corrupting taint there enters,
None are maimed and none deform'd,
Plaint and aching void are ended,
All to Jesus are conform'd.

City blest, celestial city!
On the rock thy bulwarks rest;
Lo from far I seek thy haven
Thee I hail most calm, most blest,
Waiting, weary, sighing, panting,
To go in and be thy guest.
How thy myriads feast together,
What love bindeth each to all,
How they dwell in peace for ever,
What bright gems o'erspread thy wall,
In chaldcédon set, and jacinth.
Those may tell who enter shall!
On that city's sapphire pavement,
With its saintly choir, would I
Near to Moses and Elias,
Raise my hallelujah high. Amen.

HILDEBERT, A.D. 1057-1134.

CHRISTUS CREATOR.

CHRISTUS 'CREATOR CŒLI ET TERRÆ.'

XII **Dominica ad officium noctis.**

DIE dierum principe
Lux e tenebris eruta :
Christus sepulcri carcere,
Lux vera mundi, prodiit.

Et mors et horrendum chaos
Vocem jubentis audiunt :
Nos surdiores, o pudor !
Deo pigebit obsequi ?

Umbris sepulta dum stupet
Natura, lucis filii
Surgamus, et noctem piis
Exerceamus canticis.

Legem, Prophetas, et sacro
Psalmos calentes lumine,
Profana dum silent loca,
Divina templa personent.

Cælestis haec vincat tuba
Cordis soporem languidi,
Novique mores exprimant
Vitam resurgentis novam.

Hoc consequemur, Te Duce,
Fons caritatis, O Deus,
Qui legis addis litterae
Vitae datorem Spiritum.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio ;
Par sit Tibi laus, Spiritus,
Afflante quo mentes sacris
Lucent et ardent ignibus.

E. BREVIARIO PARISIENSI.

CHRIST THE 'MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

12 **Before the dawn of the Lord's Day.**

THIS day—the King of days, heaven-born,
Which turned our night to glorious morn,
Christ, from the hold of death and night,
Rose on the world, its Life and Light.

When Death and Chaos heard His word,
And trembling owned Him as their Lord;
O shame on us! more deaf than they,
If we His summons disobey.

While all is wrapt in night's dark shade,
And nature all in sleep is laid,
Let us, as 'children of the light,'
Arise and sing away the night.

While all the world lies hushed around,
Let God's own house with praise resound.
To songs of prophets, wake the lyre,
To Psalms that glow with light and fire.

Bright morn! like trump of heaven clear,
Break on our sleep, that we may hear,
And with our risen Lord may rise,
To nobler life that seeks the skies.

Thou Fount of love in all our way
Be near! and we shall never stray;
O with Thy word, from hour to hour
Thy Spirit give—Thy living power.

Unto the Father glory be,
Unto the Son, and unto Thee
Blest Spirit! O our hearts inspire,
Then shall they glow with sacred fire.

FROM THE PARIS BREVIARY.

ΠΡΟΣ ΤΟΝ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΝ.

XIII

Ὕμνος ἑσπερινός.

Σὲ νῦν εὐλογοῦμεν,
Χριστέ μου, Λόγε Θεοῦ,
Φῶς ἐκ φωτὸς ἀνάρχου,
Καὶ Πνεῦματος ταμίας,
Τρίτου φωτὸς εἰς μίαν
Δόξαν ἀθροιζομένου.

Ὃς ἔλυσας τὸ σκότος,
Ὃς ὑπέστησας τὸ φῶς,
Ἵν' ἐν φωτὶ τὰ πάντα κτίσῃς,
Καὶ τὴν ἄστατον ὕλην
Στήσῃς, μορφῶν εἰς κόσμον,
Καὶ τὴν νῦν εὐκοσμίαν.

Ὃς νοῦν ἐφώτισας ἀνθρώπου
Λόγῳ τε καὶ σοφίᾳ,
Λαμπρότητος τῆς ἄνω
Καὶ κάτω θεὶς εἰκόνα,
Ἵνα φωτὶ βλέπῃ τὸ φῶς
Καὶ γένηται φῶς ὅλος.

Σὺ φωστῆρσιν οὐρανὸν
Κατηύγασας ποικίλοις,
Σὺ νύκτα καὶ ἡμέραν
Ἀλλήλαις εἴκειν ἠπίως

CHRIST THE MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

13 **Evening Hymn.**

THEE we praise, all-blessed Lord!
Christ the uncreated Word!
Light of unbeginning Light,
Giver of the Spirit of might:
Triune glory all-divine,
Centres in that light of Thine.

Christ the Creator.

Thou didst form the new-born light
And didst scatter ancient night.
Chaos, formless, vast, of old,
Into order Thou didst mould:
Raised into a world, it smiled,
Changed, and turned to beauty mild.

Thou didst, by Thy power divine,
Make the human spirit shine.
Have I reason? it is Thine;
Have I wisdom? 'tis not mine.
Thou hast lit this lamp of thought,
Where Thou hast Thine image wrought;
That Thy heavenly light might glow,
In that image here below.

With those changing lights on high,
Thou hast strewn the vaulted sky.
Thou hast bid the night and day:
Gently own each other's sway;

13 Ἔταξας, νόμον τιμῶν
Ἀδελφότητος καὶ φιλίας,
Καὶ τῇ μὲν ἔπαυσας κόπους
Τῆς πολυμόχθου σαρκὸς·
Τῇ δ' ἤγειρας εἰς ἔργον
Καὶ πράξεις τάς σοι φίλας.
Ἵνα το σκότος φυγόντες
Φθάσωμεν εἰς ἡμέραν,
Ἡμέραν τὴν μὴ νυκτὶ
Τῇ στυγνῇ λυομένην.

Σὺ μὲν βάλοις ἐλαφρὸν
Ὕπνον ἐμοῖς βλεφάροις,
Ὡς μὴ γλῶσσαν ὑμνωδὸν
Ἐπὶ πολὺ νεκροῦσθαι.
Μήτ' ἀντίφωνον ἀγγέλων
Πλάσμα σὸν ἡσυχάζειν.

Σὺν σοὶ δὲ κοίτη εὐσεβεῖς
Ἐννοίας ἐταζέτω,
Μηδέ τι τῶν ῥυπαρῶν
Ἡμέρας νὺξ ἐλέγχῃ,
Μηδὲ παίγνια νυκτὸς
Ἐνύπνια θροείτω·
Νοῦς δὲ καὶ σώματος δίχα
Σοὶ, Θεὲ, προσλαλείτω,
Τῷ Πατρὶ, καὶ τῷ Υἱῷ
Καὶ τῷ ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι,
ὯΙ τιμὴ, δοξα, κρατος,
Εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

ΓΡΗΓΟΡΙΟΣ Ὁ ΘΕΟΛΟΓΟΣ, A.D. 330–390.
Opera Parisiis, vol. ii., p. 291

13 Friends and fellow-workers they!
Day with night, and night with day!
Night descendeth, and the while
Thou dost call a halt to toil;
Bidding labour pause and rest,
Lulling care in weary breast.
When from rest again set free,
Sweet our work if done for Thee;
And we haste from night away,
All to hail the endless day,—
Day, most happy and most bright,
Ne'er to end in darksome night.

So bid sleep with gentle wing
O'er mine eyes her shadow fling;
Nor let dumb repose too long
Seal my tongue, nor hush my song;
Which, responsive I would raise,
To the angels' song of praise.

Thus, with holy thoughts of Thee,
Let my bed familiar be,
Lest ignoble dreams betray
The misdoings of the day;
Lest my brain with phantoms teem,
Breeding trouble in my dream.
Rather let my soul take wing,
Free from thrall of sense, and sing:
To the Father and the Son,
And the Holy Spirit, One;
Glory, honour, power to Thee!
Be to all eternity. Amen.

GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS, A.D. 330–390.

PROVIDENTIA.

XIV

DEUS mundum, en, molitur
Latens, attamen sentitur;
Supra mare spatiatur,
Alis turbinis vectatur.

Condit Rex solers ignota
Sicut in thesauris vota,
Fulgida mox prolaturus,
Voluntatem sic facturus.

Fortes este O credentes!
Fundent pluvias faventes
Nubes, quas sic formidate,
Gravidae benignitate.

Dominum ne judicetis,
Gratiam nec detrectetis;
Fronte subter torvâ latet
Risus, qui fidenti patet.

Mox proposita florescent,
Protinusque maturescent;
Gemma reddet dulcem florem
Acrem etsi det saporem.

Errant Deo non credentes,
Opera nec intuentes;
Deus Ipse rem monstrabit,
Et obscura explicabit.

COWPER, A.D. 1731-1779.

PROVIDENCE.

14

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

COWPER, A.D. 1731–1779.

NOMEN JESUS.

XV

Ad nomen Jesu omne genu se flectat.

SALVE Jesu! forte nomen!
Angeli vos adorate,
Diadema ferte, Regem
Dominumque coronate.

Recordamini redempti
Servitutis et peccati,
Propria tropæa ferte,
Dominumque coronate.

Cunctæ gentes tribus cunctæ,
Adestote provocatae,
Addicetis Illi numen,
Dominumque coronate.

O si liceat mi prono
In cælis Eum laudare,
Inter choros jubilantes,
Dominumque coronare!

PERRONET, 1785.

NOMEN JESUS.

XVI

Nomen quod est supra omne nomen.

JESUS! O quam dulce nomen,
Fidis sonat felix omen!
Mulcet plagas et dolores,
Omnes et fugat timores.

Pectus sanat sauciatum,
Cor pacificat turbatum;
Mánna est esurienti,
Requietem dat languenti.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

15 **At the name of Jesus every knee should bow.**

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye ransom'd sinners, ne'er forget
Your former sin and thrall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred ev'ry tribe,
Responsive to His call,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

PERRONET, 1785

JESUS.

16 **The Name that is above every name.**

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

JESUS DESIDERATUS.

Nomen Tuum, Jesu Bone,
Est mi rupi et umboni,
Est thesauro mi ingentis
Gratiae Omnipotentis.

Per Te Deo fiunt gratae
Preces sordibus foedatae,
Satan frustra me culpante,
Sibi Deo adoptante.

Pastor, Domine, Amator,
Vates, Pontifex, Regnator,
Vita, Via, Finis meus!
Audi laudes, O mi Deus!

Inter cantum cor languescit,
Totus ardor, heu! frigescit,
At quum olim Te spectabo,
Laudes dignius cantabo.

Mi in orbe hoc terrarum
Nomen Tuum erit carum;
Gaudio dehinc ingenti
Erit mihi morienti.

JOANNES NEWTON, 1799.

DESIDERATUS CUNCTIS GENTIBUS.

XVII

VENI Jesu ter Optate!
Ad nos liberandos nate,
A timore et peccato,
Pacis Rex nos liberato.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

NEWTON, 1799.

17 *THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS.*

COME, Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

EMMANUEL EXOPTATUS.

Tu spes omnium, Tutamen
Israëlis et Solamen,
Gentibus Desideratus,
Fidis cordibus optatus!

Veni, Magne Liberator;
Infans nate, sed Regnator!
Regnum veniat supernum,
Nosque rege in aeternum.

Spiritûs aeterni lege
Solus nostra corda rege;
Tui meriti per donum,
Tuum tolle nos in thronum.

CAROLUS WESLEY, A.D. 1772.

DE ADVENTU DOMINI.

XVIII.

VENI, veni Emmanuel!
Captivum solve Israel!
Qui gemit in exilio,
Privatus Dei Filio,
Gaude, gaude, Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel.

Veni O Jesse virgula!
Tuos hostis ex ungula,
De specu tuos Tartari
Educ, et antro barathri.
Gaude, gaude, Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel.

EMMANUEL.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth, Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

CHARLES WESLEY, A.D. 1772.

THE HOPE OF ISRAEL.

18

O COME! Emmanuel hear our call!
And free Thine Israel from her thrall;
She groans in exile, far from Thee,
And longs the Son of God to see.
Rejoice, O Israel! Wherefore mourn?
Emmanuel comes, thy Brother born.

O come! thou Rod of Jesse, come!
Lead Thy down-trodden pilgrims home;
From hoof of ruthless foe them save,
From doleful pit, and dreary grave.
Rejoice, O Israel! Wherefore mourn?
Emmanuel comes, thy Brother born.

ADVENTUS DOMINI.

Veni, veni O oriens!
Solare nos adveniens,
Noctis depelle nebulas,
Dirasque noctis tenebras.
Gaude, gaude, Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel.

Veni Clavis Davidica!
Regna reclude coelica,
Fac iter tutum superum,
Et claude vias inferum.
Gaude, gaude, Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel.

Veni, veni Adonai!
Qui populo in Sinai
Legem dedisti vertice,
In Majestate gloriae.
Gaude, gaude, Emmanuel
Nascetur pro te, Israel.

Saeculo decimo aut undecimo.

XIX

REDEMPTOR VENIENS.

LAETA vox! venit Salvator,
Exoptatus Liberator;
Omne cor sit Illi throno,
Cantet quisque laeto sono.

Illum, Spiritus insignis
Instar imbris, instar ignis
Fusus, sanctum, sapientem,
Fortem reddit, et ardentem.

THE LORD'S COMING.

O come! Thou Dawn of holier day!
And glad us by Thy heavenly ray;
Our dark clouds scatter by Thy light,
Disperse the shades of death and night.
Rejoice, O Israel! Wherefore mourn?
Emmanuel comes, thy Brother born.

O come, throw wide the gates of heaven;
Thou, to whom David's key is given,
Make safe a pathway from below,
And close the way that leads to woe.
Rejoice, O Israel! Wherefore mourn?
Emmanuel comes, thy Brother born.

O come! O come! Thou Lord of lords,
Whose law, with trump and voice of words,
From Sinai's awful brow was given,
Thy glory filling earth and heaven.
Rejoice, O Israel! Wherefore mourn?
Emmanuel comes, thy Brother born.

Tenth or Eleventh Century.

THE COMING SAVIOUR.

19

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And every voice be song!

On Him the Spirit, largely shed,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

NATUS EX MARIA VIRGINE.

Liberat Is vinculatos,
Diro hoste laqueatos,
Ruptae portae sunt ahenae
Per Illum, cadunt catenae.

Venit umbras dissipatum,
Mentis aciem purgatum,
Ut in oculos caecorum
Splendeat jubar cælorum.

Laesa corda vult ligare,
Mentes saucias sanare,
Gratiaque salutari
Pauperes locupletari.

Laeta voce Te canemus,
Pacis Regem Te laudemus.
Resonare sic docentes
Jesum cælos audientes.

DODDRIDGE, A.D. 1755.

DE NATIVITATE DOMINI.

XX

Loquitur peccator.

HEU quid jaces stabulo
Omnium Creator,
Vagiens cunabulo
Mundi Reparator;
Si rex, ubi purpura
Vel clientum murmura,
Ubi aula regis;
Hic omnis penuria,
Paupertatis curia,
Forma novae legis.

BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

He comes! the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes! from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes! the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE, 1755.

THE NATIVITY.

20 **Advent Hymn.**

WHY dost Thou so lowly lie,
Mighty Renovator!
Lifting from the stall Thy cry,
Infant! and Creator?
Where, O King, Thy purple pall,
Where Thy hall and vassals all,
With their homage loyal?
Here, though Want, with all her train,
Keepeth court, and claims to reign;
Love alone is royal.

61275

Jesus respondit.

Istuc amor generis
Me traxit humani,
Quod se noxa sceleris
Occidit profani.
His meis inopiis
Gratiarum copiis
Te pergo ditare,
Hocce natalitio
Vero sacrificio
Te volens beare.

Laudant fideles.

O te laudum millibus
Laudo, laudo, laudo;
Tantis mirabilibus
Plaudo, plaudo, plaudo;
Gloria, sit gloria,
Amanti memoria
Domino in altis;
Cui testimonia
Dantur et praeconia
Cælicis a psaltis.

JOANNES MAUBURN, A.D. 1460-15[illegible]

XXI

Jesus in Praesepi

ALTITUDO quid hic jaces,
In tam vili stabulo?
Qui creasti cæli faces,
Alges in praesepio?

O quam mira perpetrasti,
Jesu propter hominem!
Tam ardenter quem amasti
Paradiso exulem.

Jesus answers.

Ah! poor sinner for thy kind,
  Love has made Me lowly;
For thou art undone, and blind,
  Through thyself, unholy.
By My want and My disgrace,
By the riches of My grace,
  I have come to own thee.
By this lowly birth of Mine,
Pouring out My soul for thine,
  I have come to throne thee.

Believer's doxology.

With ten thousand songs of praise
  Doth my heart applaud Thee;
For such miracles of grace,
  I will laud and laud Thee.
O Thou Lover of my soul,
Unto Thee, from pole to pole,
  Through the worlds extending,
From the whole adoring heaven,
Honour, glory, praise be given,
  Never, never ending.

JOHN MAUBURN, A.D. 1460–1502.

21

Advent Hymn.

WHEREFORE, O Most High and Holy,
  Dost Thou here so meanly lie,
Shivering in a manger lowly,
  Who didst light the starry sky?

Of such love, all love transcending,
  Sing the wonder and the praise;
Love to banished sinners bending,
  Outcasts driven from Paradise.

JESUS NOSTER DOMINUS.

Fortitudo infirmatur,
Parva fit immensitas;
Liberator alligatur,
Nascitur aeternitas.

O quam mira perpetrasti,
Jesu propter hominem
Tam ardenter quem amasti
Paradiso exulem.

Premis ubera labellis,
Sed intactae Virginis;
Ploras vividis ocellis,
Cælum replens gaudiis.

O quam mira perpetrasti,
Jesu propter hominem
Tam ardenter quem amasti
Paradiso exulem.

Circiter quintum decimum saeculum.

XXII

De adventu Domini.

CONDITOR alme siderum
Aeterna lux credentium,
Christe Redemptor omnium
Exaudi preces supplicum.

Qui condolens interitu
Mortis perire saeculum,
Salvasti mundum languidum
Donans reis remedium.

Highest Power stoops down in meekness,
And the Infinite seems small;
The Eternal born in weakness,
Giveth freedom, brooketh thrall.

Of such love, all love transcending,
Sing the wonder and the praise;
Love to banished sinners bending,
Lost, and driven from Paradise.

Infant wants and weakness knowing,
To Thy mother's bosom given,
Child of grief! Thy tears are flowing,
Yet with joy Thou fillest heaven.

Of such love, all love transcending,
Sing the wonder and the praise;—
Love to banished sinners bending,
Lost, and driven from Paradise.

About the Fifteenth Century

22

His only Son our Lord
Advent Hymn.

THOU who didst build the starry sky,
Dost lighten every faithful heart,
Thou who our sole Redeemer art,
O listen to our lowly cry.

In pity for our ruin, when
Helpless and sunk in dire dismay,
Our dying world in anguish lay,
Thou broughtst Thy cure to guilty men.

NOSTER DOMINUS.

Vergente mundi vespere
Uti sponsus de thalamo,
Egressus honestissima
Virginis matris clausula.

Cujus forti potèntiae
Genu curvantur omnia,
Cælestia, terrestria
Fatentur nutu subdita.

Te deprecamur Hagie,
Venture judex saeculi,
Conserva nos in tempore
Hostis a telo perfidi.

Laus, honor, virtus, gloria
Deo Patri et Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sempiterna saecula.

Decimo saeculo.

XXIII

Habitavit inter nos.

PULSUM supernis sedibus,
Umbris tot annos obsitum,
Cælestis ignarum viae,
Errabat humanum genus.

Cælestis en Rex curiae,
Ut monstret ad cælum viam
Secumque ducat exules,
Se sponte fecit exulem.

For, when the Virgin's Son was born,
The world had sunk to noon of night,
But *He* came bridegroom-like in might,
To shed o'er earth a brighter morn.

Jesus! Thy will let all obey,
In heaven and to earth's utmost end;
O let all being lowly bend,
Beneath Thine everlasting sway.

The world's all Holy Judge Thou art,
And Thou wilt come when time is o'er;
Till then, O shield us, we implore,
From fiendish snare and poisoned dart.

Praise, honour, power, and glory be,
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Now henceforth and eternally.

Seventh Century.

23 **He dwelt among us.**

DOWN from the realms of glory driven,
Shrouded in gloom and far away,
Our wayward race had gone astray,
Nor knew, nor sought the path to heaven.

But lo! the King Himself most high,
From heaven a lowly exile came,
To win the exiles and reclaim,
And take them with Him to the sky.

Se deviis praebet ducem,
Vires dat ambulantibus;
Est ipse qua ducit via;
Quo ducit, ipse terminus.

Deus, suprema Veritas,
Umbrata velo corporis,
Puris videnda mentibus,
Lustra tuo nos lumine.

E. BREVIARIO PARISIENSI.

XXIV

Epiphania Domini.
Tria signa.

TRIBUS signis Deo dignis
Dies ista colitur;
Tria signa laude digna
Cœtus hic persequitur.

Stella Magos duxit vagos
Ad præsepe Domini;
Congaudentes omnes gentes
Ejus psallunt nomini.

Novum mirum, aqua vinum
Factum est ad nuptias;
Mundus credit, Christus dedit,
Signorum primitias.

A Johanne in Jordane
Christus baptizatus est;
Unde lotus mundus totus
Et purificatus est.

O how those wanderers did He tend!
To weary ones imparting strength,
Till home He brought them all at length,
Himself the Way, Himself the End.

Jesus Thou art the Truth, the Light,
In veil of human flesh concealed,
Yet to the pure in heart revealed;
Oh shine on us when comes the night!

PARIS BREVIARY.

24 **The Three Manifestations.**

THRICE, with wonder upon wonder,
God did crown this day of old:
Let those wonders, with the thunders
Of our loudest songs be told.

Far, from eastern sky to western,
Sages, star-lit, sought their Lord;
There the nations, with ovations,
Brought oblations, and adored.

Next, the flowing water, glowing,
Blushed, and turned to bridal wine.
Saints believe it, and receive it,
As Messiah's primal sign.

Lo! the Lowliest and the Holiest
John baptized in Jordan's stream.
Thence O river! cleansed for ever,
Thou and all things earthly seem.

EPIPHANIA.

Lector, lege ; a summo Rege
Tibi benedictio
Sit in cælis ; plebs fidelis
Psallat cum tripudio. Amen.

HARTMANNUS, Ante annum 1677.

XXV

Epiphania Domini.
Tria signa.

HERODES hostis impie,
Christum venire quid times?
Non eripit mortalia
Qui regna dat cælestia.

Ibant magi quam viderant
Stellam sequentes praeviam :
Lumen requirunt lumine,
Deum fatentur munere.

Lavacra puri gurgitis,
Cælestis Agnus attigit,
Peccata quae non detulit
Nos abluendo sustulit.

Novum genus potentiae,
Aquae rubescunt hydriae
Vinumque jussa fundere
Mutavit unda originem.

SEDULIUS, A.D. 430.

EPIPHANY.

As thou readest, as thou pleadest,
May the King His blessing send;
And let bounding joy resounding
With thy loud hosannas blend. Amen.

HARTMANN OF ST GAUL, before 1677.

25

Three manifestations.
Born of the Virgin.

IMPIOUS Herod! wherefore tremble,
That the Christ should claim His own,
He who gives a heavenly kingdom,
Comes to climb no earthly throne.

Lo these pilgrim sages followed,
Where their starry signal led,
Sought the True Light, tribute bearing,
Bowing at His lowly bed.

See Him cleanse the very laver,
When He touched old Jordan's flood,
Lamb of God! our sins He carried,
And He washed us in His blood.

See anon the conscious water,
Changing at His word divine,
For it saw its Lord, and blushing,
Quickly turned to richest wine.

SEDULIUS, A.D. 430.

MAGI AB ORIENTE.

CATHEMERINON PRUDENTII HYMNUS XII.

XXVI **Magi ab Oriente venerunt.**

QUICUMQUE Christum quæritis,
Oculos in altum tollite:
Illic licebit visere
Signum perennis gloriæ.

Hæc stella, quæ solis rotam
Vincit decore ac lumine,
Venisse terris nuntiat
Cum carne terrestri Deum.

Non illa servit noctibus.
Secuta lunam menstruam:
Sed sola cælum possidens,
Cursum dierum temperat.

Arctoa quamvis sidera
In se retortis motibus
Obire nolint, attamen
Plerumque sub nimbis latent.

Hoc sidus æternum manet,
Hæc stella nunquam mergitur,
Nec nubis occursu abdita
Obumbrat obductam facem.

Tristis cometa intercidat,
Et, si quod astrum Sirio
Fervet vapore, jam Dei
Sub luce destructum cadat.

CATHEMERINON HYMN XII.

26 **There came wise men from the East.**

ALL ye who seek the Lord of love,
Lift up your eyes to heaven above;
There ye may see His signal shine,
Of glory endless and divine.

That onward star with piercing ray
Outshines the dawn and noon of day,
And tells that in this earthly sphere,
God has in human form come near.

That star tracks not alone by night,
The changing moon's highway of light,
But with the noontide seems to vie,
Claiming the empire of the sky.

What though those polar stars on high,
Wheel retrogressive in the sky,
And set not, yet the clouds below
Oft rise and hide them where they glow.

But this bright star no storm can hide,
It never sets in ocean tide;
No cloud can veil it from the eye,
Or dim its flaming torch on high.

If blazing comet come from far,
Sweeping the sky; if falling star
Shoot Sirius-like with eye of blood,
It sinks before that light of God.

MAGI AB ORIENTE.

XXVII

Stella insignis.

En Persici ex orbis sinu,
Sol unde sumit januam,
Cernunt periti interpretes
Regale vexillum Magi.

Quod ut refulsit, ceteri
Cessere signorum globi,
Nec pulcher est ausus suam
Conferre formam Lucifer.

Quis Iste tantus, inquiunt,
Regnator, astris imperans,
Quem sic tremunt cælestia,
Cui lux et æthra inserviunt?

Illustre quiddam cernimus,
Quod nesciat finem pati:
Sublime, celsum, interminum,
Antiquius cælo et Chao.

Hic ille rex est gentium,
Populique rex Judaici,
Promissus Abrahæ patri,
Ejusque in ævum semini.

Æquanda nam stellis sua
Cognovit olim germina,
Primus sator credentium,
Nati immolator unici.

Jam flos subit Davidicus
Radice Jessæa editus,
Sceptrique per virgam virens
Rerum cacumen occupat.

Lo! far from under Persic skies,
Whence orient sunbeams take their rise,
Men skilled to know each starry sign,
Hail this bright banner as divine.

For when it flashes forth its light,
All other orbs sink back to night,
And even the lovely morning star,
Pales in this light more lovely far.

What mighty Potentate, they cry,
Is this Who rules the starry sky,
To whom the heavens such homage pay,
Whom all etherial things obey?

Some hidden god-like One appears,
Knowing no cause, no end of years;
Most High, ineffable, sublime,
Elder than Chaos, Heaven, or Time.

Behold the sign: it brings to view
The King of Gentile and of Jew;
The promised Shiloh oft foretold,
To Abram and his seed of old.

That Sire whom all the faithful own,
Who offered up his only son,
Well knew his numerous seed would vie
With star dust sprinkled o'er the sky.

Now out of Jesse's lowly root,
Is David's sceptre seen to shoot,
And from that sceptre-rod there springs,
The flower that crowns all human things.

Exin sequuntur preciti
Fixis in altum vultibus,
Qua stella sulcum traxerat,
Claramque signabat viam.

XXVIII **Obtulerunt Ei oblationes.**

Sed verticem pueri supra
Signum pependit imminens,
Pronaque summissum face
Caput sacratum prodidit.

Videre quod postquam Magi,
Eoa promunt munera,
Stratique votis offerunt
Thus, myrrham, et aurum regium.

Agnosce clara insignia
Virtutis ac regni tui,
Puer O, cui trinam Pater
Prædestinavit indolem.

Regem Deumque annuntiant
Thesaurus et fragrans odor
Thuris Sabæi: ac myrrheus
Pulvis sepulcrum prædocet.

Hoc, hoc sepulcrum, quo, Deus
Dum corpus extingui sinit,
Atque id sepultum suscitat,
Mortis refregit carcerem.

XXIX

O sola magnarum urbium
Major Bethlem, cui contigit
Ducem salutis cælitus
Incorporatum gignere!

With onward steps and upward eyes,
The wise men scanning all the skies,
Turn whereso'er the star on high,
Tracks its bright furrow in the sky.

28 **They presented unto Him gifts.**

Behold! the sign has ceased to move,
It hangs that august Child above,
And downward shining it has shed,
Its lustre on that sacred head;

Which when those joyful pilgrims see,
Their vows they pay on bended knee;
And all their orient gifts unfold,
Frankincense, myrrh, and royal gold.

See in these signs, O Holy Child!
Thy throne, Thy nature undefiled,
Thy Godhead innate, unbestowed,
Thou infant King, Thou Son of God!

The treasure by these pilgrims given,
Proclaims the King of earth and heaven;
Incense bespeaks His Godhead, myrrh
The ashes of His sepulchre;

That very sepulchre in which,
In death's dark realm He made a breach;
That mortal frame thence raising high
Which He had given up to die.

29 **The fame of Bethlehem.**

Of all the cities of renown,
Bethlehem thou dost wear the crown;
Chosen from all the scenes on earth,
To witness the Redeemer's birth.

Altrice te, summo Patri
Hæres creatur unicus,
Homo ex Tonantis Spiritu,
Idemque sub membris Deus.

Hunc et prophetis testibus,
Isdemque signatoribus,
Testator et sator jubet
Adire regnum et cernere.

Regnum, quod ambit omnia
Dia, et marina, et terrea,
A solis ortu ad exitum,
Et Tartara, et cælum supra.

XXX **Herodes rex turbatus est.**

Audit tyrannus anxius
Adesse regum principem,
Qui nomen Israel regat,
Teneatque David regiam.

Exclamat amens nuntio,
Successor instat, pellimur:
Satelles, i, ferrum rape,
Perfunde cunas sanguine.

Mas omnis infans occidat,
Scrutare nutricum sinus,
Interque materna ubera
Ensem cruentet pusio.

Suspecta per Bethlem mihi
Puerperarum est omnium
Fraus, ne qua furtim subtrahat
Prolem virilis indolis.

The Father chose thy nursing home,
To which the Heir of all should come;
The Spirit clothed in flesh and blood
That Son of man, the Eternal God.

His heirship all the seers revealed,
His sovereignty they signed and sealed;
To Him the Father willed His throne,
Yea all His kingdom as His own;

That kingdom which embraces all,
This sky, these depths, this earthly ball;
Far as the western sun can sweep,
Far as high heaven or nether deep.

Herod is troubled.

Aghast the tyrant rack'd with care,
Hears that the King of kings is there,
To claim all Israel as His own,
And sit and reign on David's throne.

Madly he lifts his voice on high,
'Guards! haste, another King is nigh,
Search, sword in hand, from door to door,
Each cradle drench with infant gore.

'Each nursling in the arms lay bare,
Sabre each man-child sheltered there:
Rifling each mother's bosom, smite
And dye your steel before her sight.

'Let not Bethlehem mothers foil
My sword or counsel by their guile.
I dread lest mother wit, not might,
Some nursling boy may snatch from sight.'

Transfigit ergo carnifex
Mucrone districto furens
Effusa nuper corpora,
Animasque rimatur novas.

Locum minutis artubus
Vix interemtor invenit,
Quo plaga descendat patens,
Juguloque major pugio est.

O barbarum spectaculum!
Illisa cervix cautibus
Spargit cerebrum lacteum,
Oculosque per vulnus vomit.

Aut in profundum palpitans
Mersatur infans gurgitem:
Cui subter arctis faucibus,
Singultat unda et halitus.

XXXI **Martyres infantes.**

Salvete flores Martyrum,
Quos lucis ipso in limine
Christi insecutor sustulit,
Ceu turbo nascentes rosas.

Vos prima Christi victima,
Grex immolatorum tener,
Aram ante ipsam simplices
Palma et coronis luditis.

Quo proficit tantum nefas?
Quid crimen Herodem juvat?
Unus tot inter funera
Impune Christus tollitur.

With naked steel on slaughter bent,
To find some babe each minion went,
Its new-born life, its feeble frame,
With stealthy hand to smite and maim.

That slender neck! O deed of shame!
Those little limbs, that infant frame,
Can scarce the murderer afford,
One spot where he can hide his sword.

O savage sight! against the stones
They headlong dashed those little ones;
Their milk white brain and eye-balls lay,
Unsightly, mingling with the clay;

Or they were merged amid the stream,
Whose waters quickly stopped their scream,
Where gurgling mouthfuls, mixed with breath,
Soon hushed their breathing into death.

Hail ye the flowers of martyrs bright,
Whom at the dawn of the great Light,
The tyrant swept among the dead,
As whirlwind sweeps some rosy bed.

Victims who first for Jesus bled,
Fair flock soon numbered with the dead!
Now victors at the throne ye stand,
With crowns and palms, a joyful band.

Herod! what boots thy wicked art?
From savage hand comes joy of heart?
Amid the crowds of infants slain,
The Christ untouched yet lives to reign.

CHRISTUS PRAEFIGURATUS.

Inter coævi sanguinis
Fluenta solus integer:
Ferrum, quod orbabat nurus,
Partus fefellit Virginis.

XXXII Christus praefiguratus.

Sic stulta Pharaonis mali
Edicta quondam fugerat
Christi figuram præferens
Moses, receptor civium.

Cautum et statutum jus erat,
Quo non liceret matribus,
Cum pondus alvi absolverent,
Puerile pignus tollere.

Mens obstetricis sedulæ
Pie in tyrannum contumax
Ad spem potentis gloriæ
Furata servat parvulum:

Quem mox sacerdotem sibi
Assumpsit orbis Conditor,
Per quem notatam saxeis
Legem tabellis traderet.

Licetne Christum noscere
Tanti per exemplum viri?
Dux ille cæso Ægyptio
Absolvit Israël jugo.

At nos, subactos jugiter
Erroris imperio gravi,
Dux noster Hoste saucio
Mortis tenebris liberat.

Amid those streams of infant blood,
Unscathed came forth the Son of God,
The Virgin's Son thy sword beguiled,
Which slaughtered many a mother's child.

So Moses Israel's destined guide,
Turned into folly Pharaoh's pride;
The tyrant's plots he marked and foiled,
Foreshadowing the Holy Child.

For Pharaoh thought by deep decree,
To crush the Hebrew pedigree,
Debarring mothers' loving care,
The nurture of their sons to share.

But lo! a midwife wise and mild,
By stealth preserved one smiling child,
Her hope foresaw his great renown,
Nor feared the foolish tyrant's frown.

That child was destined from his birth,
Priest of the Lord of heaven and earth,
By whom, His law engraved on stone,
He called the world to hear and own.

Some shadow here may we not see,
Of Christ who sets His people free?
For Moses the Egyptian smote,
And Israel out of bondage brought.

So when oppressed by Satan's sway,
We strayed in error's downward way,
Our Leader smote our mighty foe,
And set us free from endless woe.

Hic expiatam fluctibus
Plebem marino in transitu
Repurgat undis dulcibus,
Lucis columnam præferens.

Hic præliante exercitu,
Pansis in altum brachiis,
Sublimis Amalec premit,
Crucis quod instar tunc fuit.

Hic nempe Jesus verior:
Qui longa post dispendia
Victor suis tribulibus
Promissa solvit jugera.

Qui ter quaternas denique
Refluentis amnis alveo
Fundavit et fixit petras,
Apostolorum stemmata.

XXXIII **Rex universali**

Jure ergo se Judæ ducem
Vidisse testantur Magi,
Cum facta priscorum ducum
Christi figuram finxerint.

Hic Rex priorum Judicum,
Rexere qui Jacob genus,
Dominæque Rex Ecclesiæ,
Templi et novelli et pristini.

Hunc posteri Effrem colunt,
Hunc sancta Manassæ domus,
Omnesque suspiciunt tribus
Bis sena fratrum semina.

When Moses lifting up his rod,
Led through the depths the tribes of God,
Those floods supplied a cleansing tide,
That fiery column proved their guide.

When against Amalek he rose,
To bring defeat on Israel's foes,
With arms outspread against the sky,
He seemed to lift the Cross on high.

Jesus in Joshua too appears,
Who after weary wandering years,
Led on his tribes with mighty hand,
Victorious to their promised land.

And when old Jordan back was rolled,
Those stones in number twelve times told,
He built upon the naked ford,
To mark the apostles of the Lord.

33 **The universal King.**

Well had those wise men from afar,
That light deemed Judah's royal star,
Since Israel's leaders all of old,
The Christ of God had so foretold.

He, Judge of judges, who of yore
The Church's royal sceptre bore,
Reigneth supreme within her fold,
Lord of the temple, new and old.

Him Ephraim's sons with awe adore,
Manasseh stoops His face before,
The twelve tribes all with one acclaim,
Bow down to worship at His name.

Quin et propago degener
Ritum secuta inconditum,
Quæcumque dirum fervidis
Baal caminis coxerat:

Fumosa avorum numina,
Saxum, metallum, stipitem,
Rasum, dolatum, sectile,
In Christi honorem deserit.

Gaudete, quicquid gentium est,
Judæa, Roma, et Græcia,
Ægypte, Thrax, Persa, Scytha,
Rex unus omnes possidet.

Laudate vestrum Principem
Omnes beati, ac perditi,
Vivi, imbecilli, ac mortui:
Jam nemo posthac mortuus.

PRUDENTIUS, A.D. 348-424.

XXXIV **Adventus Domini.**

O TER foecundas,
O ter jucundas
Beatae noctis delicias,
Quae suspiratas
E cælo datas
In terris paris delicias.

Gravem primaevae
Ob lapsum Evae,
Dum jamjam mundus emoritur:
In carne meus,
Ut vivat Deus,
Sol vitae mundo suboritur.

Yea, and the motley Gentile crew,
Who choose the false and shun the true,
Where'er they've kindled in the fire,
Incense to Baal—idol dire;

Now fail their fathers gods to own,
Grim gods of metal, wood, and stone,
Graven, or cleft, or hewn; and raise
To Christ the Lord their songs of praise.

Rejoice all lands from East to West,
By One King yet to be possessed,
Judea, Rome, Greece, Scythia,
Egypt and Thrace and Persia.

O praise your King all ye below,
Ye men of joy, ye men of woe,
Living or dead, sing praises high,
Henceforth ye sleep but cannot die.

PRUDENTIUS, A.D. 348-424.

34

Advent Hymn.

O BLESSED night!
O rich delight!
When, joy with wonder blending,
To us from heaven
A Son was given,
Angelic hosts attending.

For when in thrall
From Adam's fall,
The world in death was lying;
In flesh like mine,
The Life divine,
Rose sun-like o'er the dying.

NATUS EX MARIA VIRGINE.

Aeternum lumen,
Immensum numen
Pannorum vinculis stringitur;
In vili caula
Exclusus aula
Rex cæli bestiis cingitur.

In cunis jacet,
Et infans tacet,
Verbum, quod loquitur omnia;
Sol mundi friget,
Et flamma riget:
Quid sibi volunt haec omnia?

Quod in spelæum
Depressit Deum,
O hoc amoris telum est,
Astra valete,
Antra salvete,
Jam mihi stabulum cælum est.

Decimo quinto saeculo.

XXXV **Adventus Domini.**

PUER natus in Bethlehem,
Unde gaudet Jerusalem.

Hic jacet in præsepio,
Qui regnat sine termino.

Is. i. 3.

Cognovit bos et asinus
Quod puer erat Dominus.

Reges de Sabâ veniunt,
Aurum, tus, myrrham offerunt.

O God of Might! .
Eternal Light!
In swaddling bands they bound Thee;
Thrust from the hall,
To lowly stall,
The herd was gathered round Thee.

That cradled Child,
Lay mute and mild,
That 'Word' whose voice is thunder;
The world's great Light
Withdrew from sight,
Oh who can solve the wonder?

God stoops to dwell
In lowly cell,
Nor shame nor want refusing;
He leaves His throne,
His foes to own,
For heaven a manger choosing

Fifteenth Century.

35

Advent Hymn.

A CHILD is born in Bethlehem;
Exult for joy Jerusalem!

Lo, He who reigns above the skies,
There, in a manger lowly lies.

The ox and ass in neighbouring stall,
See in that Child the Lord of all;

And kingly pilgrims, long foretold,
From East bring incense, myrrh, and gold,

Intrantes domum invicem
Novum salutant Principem.

De matre natus Virgine
Sine virili semine;

Sine serpentis vulnere
De nostro venit sanguine.

In carne nobis similis,
Peccato sed dissimilis;

Ut redderet nos homines
Deo et sibi similes.

In hoc natali gaudio
Benedicamus Domino:

Laudetur sancta Trinitas,
Deo dicamus gratias.

Quarto decimo saeculo.

XXXVI **Quomodo victus est Hostis.**

PANGE lingua gloriosi
Proelium certaminis,
Et super crucis trophaeo
Dic triumphum nobilem,
Qualiter Redemptor orbis
Immolatus vicerit.

De parentis protoplasti
Fraude factâ condolens,
Quando pomi noxialis
Morsu in mortem corruit,
Ipse lignum tunc notavit
Damna ligni ut solveret.

And enter with their offerings
To hail the new-born King of kings.

He comes, a maiden mother's son,
Yet earthly father hath He none;

And from the serpent's poison free,
He owned our blood and pedigree.

Our feeble flesh and His the same,
Our sinless kinsman He became,

That we from deadly thrall set free
Like Him, and so like God should be.

Come then, and on this natal day,
Rejoice before the Lord and pray;

And to the holy One in Three
Give praise and thanks eternally.

Fourteenth Century.

36 **Our enemy conquered.**

SING the Cross! the conflict telling,
Crown'd with glory more than woe;
Sing the battle and the triumph,
Tell its fame to all below;
How by death the world's Redeemer
Overthrew and bound His foe.

Touch'd with pity for the ruin
Of our first-made father's fall,
When the fatal fruit he tasted,
On one mouthful staking all;
God mark'd out the tree of Calvary,
Eden's tree to match withal.

Hoc opus nostrae salutis
Ordo depoposcerat;
Multiformis proditoris
Ars ut artem falleret,
Et medelam ferret inde
Hostis unde laeserat.

Quando venit ergo sacri
Plenitudo temporis,
Missus est ab arce patris
Natus orbis conditor
Atque ventre virginali
Carne amictus prodiit.

Vagit infans inter arcta
Conditus praesepia,
Membra pannis involuta
Virgo mater alligat,
Et Dei manus pedesque
Stricta cingit fascia.

XXXVII **Christus Moriens.**

Lustra sex qui jam peregit,
Tempus implens corporis
Sponte libera redemptor
Passioni deditus,
Agnus in crucis levatur
Immolandus stipite.

Felle potus ecce languet:
Spina, clavi, lancea
Mite corpus perforarunt,
Unda manat et cruor:
Terra, pontus, astra, mundus
Quo lavantur flumine.

Law could only yield our rescue
As the fruit of pains and toils;
Art by art the great Restorer
Foiled, and took the Traitor's spoils;
Thus His healing balm He gathered
Where the foe had spread his wiles.

At the time afore appointed,
Coming in His Father's name,
In the womb of Virgin Mother
Clothed in flesh, with feeble frame;
Born a man, the world's Creator
From the throne of glory came.

Hark! the cry of Infant wailing
In the manger, meanly laid;
Child all lowly, God all holy!
Not in robes of light array'd;
But in swaddling bands enfolded
By that blessed Mother-Maid.

37 **Christ crucified.**

Thirty winters has He number'd
Here on earth in quest of me;
Yea, my soul! thy great Redeemer
Agonizing on the tree,
As the Lamb of God, uplifted,
Bleeds, and bows the head for thee.

Fainting, lo! the gall He tasteth;
See the thorns, the nails, the spear,
From His ebbing life are drawing
Crimson blood and water clear!
Fit for cleansing souls, and cleansing
Earth, and sea, and starry sphere.

CHRISTI CRUX.

87 Crux fidelis inter omnes
Arbor una nobilis,
Silva talem nulla profert
Fronde, flore, germine:
Dulce ferrum, dulce lignum,
Dulce pondus sustinent.

Flecte ramos arbor alta,
Tensa laxa viscera,
Et rigor lentescat ille
Quem dedit nativitas.
Et superni membra Regis
Tende miti stipite.

Sola digna tu fuisti
Ferre mundi victimam,
Atque portum praeparare
Arca mundo naufrago,
Quem sacer cruor perunxit
Fusus agni corpore.

Quando judex orbis alto
Vectus axe veneris
Et crucis tuae tropaeum
Inter astra fulserit
O sis anxiis asylum
Et salutis aurora.

Sempiterna sit beatae
Trinitati gloria,
Aequa patri filioque,
Par decus paraclito:
Unius trinique nomen
Laudet universitas.

FORTUNATUS, A.D. 530-609.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

87 Faithful Cross of Christ, we hail thee;
Of all trees on earth most fair!
None in all the forest yieldeth
Leaf, or flower, or fruit so rare.
Sweetest wood! yea, sweetest iron!
Sweetest burden, fit to bear.

Tree of awful beauty, bend thee,
Bend; thy stubborn branches bring
Softly round the Form thou bearest;
O'er His head thy shadow fling;
Gently in thine arms uphold Him,
For of glory He is King.

Worthy Thou to bear the ransom
Of a shipwreck'd world art found,
And to be our Ark of safety,
For celestial harbour bound;
Sacred, hence, that blood has made thee,
As it flowed and wrapt thee round.

Judge of all! when Thou descendest,
Throned in awful majesty;
When aloft Thy Cross effulgent
Beams amid the milky way,
O be Thou Thyself our refuge,
And the dawn of endless day!

Glory, glory, everlasting,
To the blessed Trinity!
Praise to Thee, Eternal Father!
Praise, Eternal Son to Thee!
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit!
Three in One, and One in Three.

FORTUNATUS, A.D. 530-609.

JESUS NATUS.

CATHEMERINON PRUDENTII.—HYMNUS XI.

XXXVIII

QUID est quod arctum circulum
Sol jam recurrens deserit?
Christusne terris nascitur,
Qui lucis auget tramitem?

Heu quam fugacem gratiam
Festina volvebat dies!
Quam pæne subductam facem
Sensim recisa extinxerat!

Cælum nitescat lætius,
Gratetur et gaudens humus:
Scandit gradatim denuo
Jubar priores lineas.

Emerge dulcis pusio,
Quem mater edit castitas,
Parens et expers conjugis,
Mediator et duplex genus.

XXXIX

. . . . . .

Vagitus ille exordium
Vernantis orbis prodidit;
Nam tunc renatus sordidum
Mundus veternum depulit.

Sparsisse tellurem reor
Rus omne densis floribus,
Ipsasque arenas Syrtium
Fragrasse nardo et nectare.

Te cuncta nascentem, puer,
Sensere dura et barbara,
Victusque saxorum rigor
Obduxit herbam cotibus.

. . . . . .

38 **The Lengthening Day.**

WHY seeks the sun around the sky,
To sweep a wider course on high?
The Christ is born, and brighter light
Streams as He stoops to cheer our night.

How soon the night was wont to fall,
And wrap us in her dreary pall,
And quench the flaming torch of day!
Brief hours of gracious light were they!

Let heaven pour down its floods of light,
Let earth drink in the new delight;
For now the sun ascending far
Climbs higher in his blazing car.

All welcome to our dark abode!
Of virgin born, Thou Son of God!
All hail! most sweet and holy Child,
By whom the lost are reconciled.

39 . . . . . 44 lines omitted.

Hark how that Infant's cries begin
To ring the knell of curse and sin:
For wintry blight, He comes to bring
To all the world a holier spring.

The fields, I ween, will bloom again;
And fairer flowers will strew the plain,
Perfuming even the desert ground,
With nard and nectar all around.

Earth feels Thee near, O holy Child!
Things hard and savage turn to mild;
The rude rocks yield, and round them fling
The many coloured garb of spring.

. . . . .

JESUS JUDEX ET REX.

XL

Peccator, intueberis
Celsum coruscis nubibus,
Dejectus ipse, et irritis
Plangens reatum fletibus,

Cum vasta signum buccina
Terris cremandis miserit,
Et scissus axis cardinem
Mundi ruentis solvèrit;

Insignis ipse et præminens
Meritis rependet congrua,
His lucis usum perpetis,
Illis Gehennam et Tartarum.

Judæa, tunc fulmen Crucis
Experta, qui sit, senties,
Quem, te furoris præsule,
Mors hausit, et mox reddidit.

PRUDENTIUS, A D. 348–424.

XLI

Christi Crux.

VEXILLA regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis Conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.

Quo vulneratus insuper
Mucrone diro lanceae,
Ut nos lavaret crimine
Manavit unda sanguine.

40 28 lines omitted.

O sinner! comes the day of doom!
When the last trump shall shake the tomb,
And strew the heavens with ruin dire,
And wrap the earth in flaming fire,

When low in dust thy soul shall own
That lofty One upon His throne:
Tears on that day will not prevail,
And grief for guilt will not avail;

For throned in clouds, the Judge on high
Will deal to all their destiny,
To some the realms of endless light,
To some the shades of endless night.

Then Jewry! Him thy heart will know,
Around whose cross the lightnings glow;
Thy word, 'Away; with Him away;'
Death heard; and seized,—but lost his prey.

PRUDENTIUS, A.D. 348–424.

41 The Cross of Christ.

THE King's bright banners onward bear,
The wondrous cross exalt, for there
The Word 'made flesh,' the Lord Most High.
Who 'made all flesh,' was nailed to die.

Deep from His wounded side there flowed
A stream of water and of blood,
Drawn by the soldier's cruel spear,
Our souls from sin and guilt to clear.

PASSUS SUB PONTIO PILATO.

Impleta sunt quae concinit
David fideli carmine
Dicens : in nationibus
Regnavit a* ligno Deus

* Ps. xcvi. 10 perperam interpretatus.

Arbor decora et fulgida
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere.

Beata cuius brachiis
Pretium pependit saeculi,
Statera facta saeculi
Praedamque tulit tartaris.

FORTUNATUS, A.D. 530-609.

CHRISTI SUBSTITUTIO.

XLII **Dolores nostros Ipse portavit.**

NUNCIUS praepes mihi labra summo
Tangat è cælo volitans, reatu
Tangat infectas gemino micanti
Forcipe fibras.
Te canam, lucis jubar ut resurget;
Te, brèves quandò jacientur umbrae;
Teque, quum praeceps teget ora mundi
Lucida lampas.

De Deo verus Deus, increatæ
Lucis æternum jubar, ora vivus
Patris ad vivum referens character,
Alter et idem.
Te, salus rerum, profugis receptus,
Naufragis portus, miseris medela,
Lumen extinctis, onerum levamen,
Meta laborum!

HE SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE.

There David's song fulfilled we see,
For Jesus, lifted on that* tree,
Has claimed all nations as His own,
And reigned a Priest upon His throne.

* Ps. xcvi. 10 misinterpreted.

O tree most goodly and most fair!
Chosen that sacred form to bear;
His royal purple wrapt thee round,
Profusely streaming to the ground.

Blest tree! where wide thy beams did sway,
Our ransom-price He seemed to weigh;
'Twas His who could the ransom pay,
From Death and Hell to take the prey.

FORTUNATUS, A.D. 530-609.

42 **He bore the sins of many.**

LORD! let Thy swift-winged angel
Come with Thine altar fire,
To touch these lips all guilty,
And so my soul inspire,
To praise Thee when the day dawns
When noontide streameth bright,
And when the twilight falling,
Veils the fair world in night.

My Lord! my God! Effulgence
Of the Eternal Light!
Thou glory of the Father,
Bearing His image bright,
Sole refuge art for sinners,
Benighted, wrecked, undone,
Our light, our burden-bearer,
Our home, our heaven begun.

CRUCIFIXUS.

Nos tui mæstos hilarant pavores,
Ora lugentum lacrimæ serenant,
Sanat afflictos dolor, ipsa vinctos
Vincula solvunt.
Languor infirmos reficit, fluentem
Vulnus admotum cohibet cruorem,
Nuditas nudos tegit, indigentes
Ditat egestas.

Squalidus, nudus, lacer, ora pallens,
Obrutus probris, coopertus irae,
Fluctibus, clavis miseranda fixus
Membra quaternis.
Ipse cumprimis jacet orcus ingens,
Ense confossus proprio, dolosam
Dum crucis, rictu nimium furenti,
Devorat offam.

Huc ferar, quo nil penetrat malignum,
Nulla fit voto mora, nil timendum
Restat, huc sanctus mihi fervor alas,
Christe! ministret:
Ut canam rerum Domino triuni
Mentibus laudes meritas beatis
Mistus, humano potiusque pangam
Pectore carmen.

ROBERTUS BODIUS, A.D. 1578-1627

CRUX MIRABILIS.

XLIII

MIRABILEM videns crucem,
Qua Rex pependit gloriae,
Lucrum meum damnum puto,
Superbiam temnens meam.

WAS CRUCIFIED DEAD.

Thy woes hush all our sorrows,
Thy tears soothe all our pains,
Thy griefs heal all our sadness,
Thy bonds undo our chains.
Thy toils are our refreshment,
Thy wounds our balm and cure,
Thy nakedness enrobes us,
Thy wants our wealth ensure.

Against Thee fainting, wounded,
Nailed to the cursed tree,
The wrath of foes beat ruthless,
Like waves of raging sea.
Yea, Death and Hell assailing,
By fury self-decoyed,
Came as if all-devouring;
There to be self-destroyed.

O give me wings to soar, then,
Where sin can never come,
Where dread, or want, or sorrow,
Shall never find a home,
That loud among the ransomed,
This human voice may ring,
With higher hallelujahs,
Than seraphim can sing.

ROBERT BOYD, A.D. 1578-1627.

THE WONDROUS CROSS.

43

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

CHRISTI CRUX ET CORONA.

Ut glorier, absit, Deus!
Si non de morte Domini;
Deliciarum omnium
Jactura fiat pro cruce.

Amor dolorque defluunt,
(Amans dolor, dolens amor),
Ex artubus pallentibus,
Spinis caput cingentibus.

Si totus orbis sit meus,
Donum foret hoc parvulum;
Meipso, vitâ, mente, vi,
Tantus amor dignissimus.

WATTS, 1709.

XLIV **Gloria et honore coronatus.**

SPINIS caput coronatum
Gloria nunc est ornatum:
Diademate nunc cinctus
Triumphator olim vinctus.

Summa sedes alti poli
En est Illi jure soli,
Regum Regi sempiterno,
Lumini cœli superno.

Gaudium cœlicolarum,
Gaudium terricolarum
Est, quos gratiâ prehendit,
Quibus gloriam ostendit.

CHRIST'S CROSS AND CROWN.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
  Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
  I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
  Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
  Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
  That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
  Demands my soul, my life, my all!

WATTS, 1709.

44 **Crowned with glory and honour.**

THE head that once was crown'd with thorns,
  Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
  The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that Heaven affords
  Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
  And Heaven's eternal Light;

The joy of all who dwell above,
  The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
  And grants His name to know.

TERTIA DIE RESURREXIT.

Crux amara et probrosa
En est illis gratiosa.
Illis nomen est aeternum,
Illis gaudium supernum.

Híc cum Illo patiuntur,
Illic regno potiuntur;
Ter felices meditari,
Et amorem admirari.

Ipsi, crux probro lethali,
Suis vitae immortali
Est, opum speique plena
Est aeterna cantilena.

THOMAS KELLY, 1769-1855.

XLV **Hymnus paschalis matutinus.**

AURORA cælum purpurat,
Aether resultat laudibus,
Mundus triumphans jubilat,
Horrens avernus infremit:

Rex ille dum fortissimus
De mortis inferno specu
Patrum Senatum liberum
Educit ad vitae jubar.

Cujus sepulchrum plurimo
Custode signabat lapis,
Victor triumphat, et suo
Mortem sepulchro funerat.

To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of Heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore in life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

KELLY, 1769-1855.

45 **Easter Morning Hymn.**

NOW morning purples all the skies,
The heavens with songs of praise resound,
Earth jubilant with joy replies,
And horror startles hell profound.

Our mighty King comes forth to save,
Shaking the realms of Death and Night;
For rising saints He bursts the grave,
And brings them back to life and light.

Men set their watch, and sealed the stone,
Where low He lay in death's dark cave;
But soon the triumph had He won:
He left for Death that empty grave.

CHRISTI RESURRECTIO.

Sat funeri, sat lacrymis,
Sat est datum doloribus:
Surrexit extinctor necis,
Clamat coruscans angelus.

Ut sis perenne mentibus
Paschale Jesu gaudium;
A morte dira criminum
Vitae renatos libera.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sempiterna saecula.

Decimo sexto saeculo.
Brev. Rom.

XLVI

Christi Resurrectio.

MITIS agnus, leo fortis,
Triduanae somno mortis
Excitatur hodie;
Inferorum fractis portis
Nos consortes suae sortis
Efficit et gloriae.

Ad sepulcrum cum unguentis,
Pari voto piae mentis,
Accesserunt feminae;
Afferentes unctionem,
Angelorum visionem
Meruerunt cernere.

THE THIRD DAY HE AROSE FROM THE DEAD.

Cease then funereal grief and gloom!
'Weep not' the bright-robed Angel cries;
The Victor gives to Death His tomb
And soars triumphant to the skies.

O from our grave of sin, we pray,
Almighty Lord! our souls set free;
Then life will be one festal day,
Of joy to us, of praise to Thee.

Now to the Father, and to Thee,
Who from the dead didst soar on high,
And to the Spirit, One in Three,
All glory be eternally.

Extant in the sixteenth century.

46 **The Redeemer's Resurrection.**

ERE the third day's sun had risen,
Forth He came from Death's dark prison,
Judah's Lion, Lamb of love!
Through the bars of Hades breaking,
And ourselves the partners making
Of His life and throne above.

To His grave with fragrant spices,
Sad their hearts and hushed their voices,
Holy women came in fear;
From their loving tryst not swerving,
Little hoping, yet deserving
Angels bright to see and hear.

RESURREXIT.

Par accessus, amor idem ;
Ad eumdem habent fidem
  Sub eodem nomine ;
Lapis erat revolutus,
Quidam eis est locutus :
  'Nolite metuere.

Festinantes ite retro ;
Nuntiantes visa Petro
  Caeterisque propere !
Resurrexit vere Jesus ;
Immortalis et illaesus
  Vivit jam in aethere.'

Saeculo undecimo.

XLVII

Hymnus paschalis.

PLAUDITE coeli !
  Rideat aether !
Summus et imus
Gaudeat orbis !
Transivit atrae
Turba procellae !
Subiit almae
Gloria palmae !

Surgite verni,
Surgite flores,
Germina pictis
Surgite campis !
Teneris mistae
Violis rosae ;
Candida sparsis
Lilia calthis !

HE AROSE FROM THE DEAD.

Weeping love had drawn them thither,
At His grave to meet together;
And amazed, the stone they found
Rolled away, its signet broken;
And angelic words were spoken:
'Let not fear but joy abound;

'Go! the happy tidings carry,
Go to Simon; do not tarry
Till the joy to all be given:
Jesus mighty, from His prison
All unharmed, self-rescued, risen,
Breathes the air of His own heaven.'

Eleventh century.

47 **Easter Hymn.**

CLAP hands, O ye heavens,
Thou firmament ring!
From highest to lowest,
Thou universe sing!
The darkness and tumult
Have ended in calm;
And glory has come,
And victory's palm.

Come forth, O ye flowers;
Come forth with the Spring!
And deck the fair plains
With each blossoming thing;
With violets meek
Let roses be joined,
And marigolds bright
With lilies combined.

RESURREXIT.

Currite plenis
Carmina venis,
Fundite laetum
Barbita metrum;
Namque revixit
Sicuti dixit
Pius illaesus
Funere Jesus.

Plaudite montes,
Ludite fontes,
Resonent valles,
Repetant colles:
Io, revixit,
Sicuti dixit,
Pius illaesus
Funere Jesus.

Decimo sexto saeculo.

XLVIII

MUNDI renovatio
Nova parit gaudia,
Resurgente Domino
Conresurgunt omnia:
Elementa serviunt,
Et Auctoris sentiunt
Quanta sint sollemnia.

Ignis volat mobilis,
Et aër volubilis,
Fluit aqua labilis,
Terra manet stabilis,

HE AROSE FROM THE DEAD.

Thou song of our joy!
  Rise higher and higher;
Thou spirit of gladness
  Breathe forth from the lyre;
For Jesus is risen,
  As truly He said:
Unconquered, unharmed,
  He has come from the dead.

Clap hands, O ye mountains,
  Ye valleys all ring!
O warble ye fountains;
  Ye little hills sing!
He liveth again,
  As truly He said:
Unconquered, unharmed,
  He has come from the dead.

Extant—sixteenth century.

48

JOYFUL from her earthy bed,
  Spring leads forth her new-born train;
Jesus, rising from the dead,
  All things calls to life again:
All the elements obey,
Feeling their Creator's sway,
And keep solemn holiday.

Even the forkéd lightning darts,
And the floating ether parts,
  And the falling water glides,
  And the stable earth abides,

Alta petunt levia,
Centrum tenent gravia,
Renovantur omnia.

Cælum fit serenius,
Et mare tranquillius,
Spirat aura levius,
Vallis nostra floruit;
Revirescunt arida,
Recalescunt frigida,
Quia ver intepuit.

Gelu mortis solvitur,
Princeps mundi tollitur,
Et ejus destruitur
In nobis imperium;
Dum tenere voluit
In quo nihil habuit,
Jus amisit proprium.

Vita mortem superat;
Homo jam recuperat
Quod prius amiserat
Paradisi gaudium.
Viam præbet facilem
Cherubim, versatilem
Amovendo gladium.

ADAM ST VICTOR, Decimo secundo saeculo.

XLIX **Propter quod et Deus Illum exaltavit.**

VENI Redemptor gentium,
Ostende partum Virginis,
Miretur omne sæculum:
Talis decet partus deum.

All by Him: things great and small,
Light or weighty, rise or fall;
And His touch reneweth all.

Now He gives serener skies,
And the billows cease to rise;
And the breeze breathes still and light,
And our vale is blooming bright.
Green the thirsty uplands grow;
Winter's fetters melt and flow
As the vernal zephyrs blow.

Ice-bound Death now melts and fails;
And the 'Prince of this world' quails,
And his cursed empire all,
Totters to its final fall.
Satan came and nothing found;
Jesus, whom he would have bound,
Shook his throne to hell profound.

Life from Death had won the prize;
Man had now recovered more
Than he lost or knew before,
Than the joys of Paradise:
And as promised by the Lord,
Then He sheathed the flaming sword,
And the cherub-guarded way
Opened into endless day.

ADAM ST VICTOR, Twelfth century.

49 **Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him.**

REDEEMER of the nations, come!
Display Thy wondrous birth abroad:
Ye ages all! be still, and know
Such birth beseems the Son of God.

SEDET AD DEXTERAM DEI.

49. Non ex virili semine,
Sed mystico spiramine
Verbum dei factum est caro,
Fructusque ventris floruit.

Alvus tumescit virginis,
Claustra pudoris permanent,
Vexilla virtutum micant,
Versatur in templo deus.

Procedit e thalamo suo,
Pudoris aula regia,
Geminæ gigas substantiæ
Alacris ut currat viam.

Egressus ejus a patre,
Regressus ejus ad patrem,
Excursus usque ad inferos;
Recursus ad sedem dei.

Aequalis æterno patri
Carnis tropæo accingere,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpetim.

Præsepe jam fulget tuum,
Lumenque nox spirat novum,
Quod nulla nox interpolet,
Fideque jugi luceat.

AMBROSIUS, 340-397.

HE SITTETH AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD.

49 Of God, all-overshadowing,
And not of man He draws His birth;
The Word eternal is made flesh,
And stoops, of woman born, to earth.

Her child the holy Virgin bears,
He comes! with banners spread abroad,
Bright with the graces, where He moves
His temple is, for He is God.

Forth from His royal hall He comes,
Like a strong man his race to run;
The Son of man, the mighty God!
He rises like the rising sun.

Down from His Father's throne He comes,
Circling again above the sky;
His goings stretch beneath, to hell;
Thence upward to the throne on high.

O Thou! God's co-eternal Son,
Dost lift our flesh in triumph high;
And by Thine everlasting strength,
Dost make us that we cannot die.

Thy manger now with glory shines;
Its midnight breathes a radiance bright,
Whose sun no coming night can quench,
Or dim its ever-during light.

AMBROSE, A.D. 340-397.

JESUS MUNDI SALVATIO.

L **Gaudium magnum quod erit omni populo.**

JESU ! spes pœnitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus ;
Quam bonus Te quaerentibus ;
Sed quid invenientibus ?

Quum digne loqui nequeam,
De Te tamen ne sileam ;
Amor facit ut audeam,
Cum de Te solum gaudeam.

Tu mentis delectatio,
Amoris consummatio ;
Tu mea gloriatio,
Jesu mundi salvatio.

Mane nobiscum Domine,
Et nos illustra lumine ;
Pulsâ mentis caligine,
Mundum replens dulcedine.

Jesum omnes agnoscite,
Amorem Ejus poscite ;
Jesum ardenter quaerite,
Quaerendo inardescite.

Veni Veni, Rex optime,
Pater immensae gloriae ;
Affulge menti clarius,
Jam expectatus saepius.

BERNARDUS CLARIVALLENSIS, A.D. 1071-1153.

50 **Missionary Hymn.**

THOU! Hope of all the lowly!
To thirsting souls how kind;
Gracious to all who seek Thee,
O what to those who find!

My tongue but lisps Thy praises,
Yet praise be my employ;
Love makes me bold to praise Thee,
For Thou art all my joy.

In Thee my soul delighting,
Findeth her only rest;
And so in Thee confiding,
May all the world be blest.

Dwell with us, and our darkness
Will flee before Thy light;
Scatter the world's deep midnight,
And fill it with delight.

O all mankind! behold Him,
And seek His love to know,
And let your hearts in seeking,
Be fired with love and glow.

O come, O come great Monarch!
Eternal glory Thine;
The longing world waits for Thee,
Arise, arise and shine.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, A.D 1091-1153.

SEDET AD DEXTERAM DEI.

LI **Hymnus paschalis.**

SALVE, festa dies, toto venerabilis aevo,
Quâ Deus infernum vicit, et astra tenet.

Ecce renascentis testatur gratia mundi
Omnia cum Domino dona redîsse suo.

Namque triumphanti post tristia Tartara Christo
Undique fronde nemus, gramina flore favent.

Legibus inferni oppressis super astra meantem
Laudant rite Deum lux, polus, arva, fretum.

Qui crucifixus erat, Deus ecce per omnia regnat,
Dantque Creatori cuncta creata precem.

FORTUNATUS, Sexto sæculo.

LII **Venturus ad judicandos vivos et mortuos.**

DEUS veniet; trementes
Montes salient horrentes;
De polo stellae marcentes
Collabentur pallescentes.

51 **Easter Hymn.**

HAIL, thou day, through all the ages!
Festal day! when, strong to save,
Jesus, over Hell victorious,
Rose to glory from the grave.

Thanks break forth from all creation,
With the all-reviving Spring;
Earth her choicest gifts returning,
All to hail her rising King.

At the feet of Him who conquered
Death, and made Hell's squadrons fly,
Leaf and blade, of plain and woodland,
Buds and blossoms, lowly lie.

Cloud and sunbeam, field and ocean,
Sing to Him who burst those bars,
As above the sky He riseth
To His throne beyond the stars.

When the Crucified, triumphant
Over all His sceptre sways,
Tribute to Him, as Creator,
All created being pays.

FORTUNATUS, Sixth Century.

52 **He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.**

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake;
The hills their fixèd seat forsake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

VENTURUS AD JUDICANDUM.

Veniet, quantum mutatus
Ab Illo! qui judicatus,
Silens, patiens, mactandus
Stabat, agnus immolandus.

Veniet! vestitus irâ,
Devolans, flammâque dirâ,
Angelorum et ventorum
Alis, Arbiter cunctorum.

Idem Isne nos amavit,
Peregrinus et lustravit
Terram, fastu aspernatus?
Is ne tandem perforatus?

Territi tyranni sontes,
Fissos tunc vocate montes;
Sancti sed surgent gaudentes,
'Venit Dominus' canentes.

HEBER, A.D. 1811.

LIII **Dies judicii.**

DIES irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

Can this be He who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride—
O God! is this the Crucified?

Go tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go seek the mountain's cleft, in vain;
But faith victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—'the Lord is come.'

HEBER, A.D. 1811.

53 **The day of judgment.**

DAY of anger! sinners dooming,
Heaven and earth to dust consuming,
Seer and Psalmist see thee looming!

Hearts and rocks will then be rending,
As the Judge is seen descending;
And the doom of all is pending.

Blares aloud, that trump of thunder,
Crashing, waking Death in wonder,
Citing all the white throne under.

VENTURUS AD JUDICANDUM.

53 Mors stupebit et natura
Cum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quaerens me, sedisti lassus;
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus;
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

53 Death, his horror not dissembling,
Sees creation rising, trembling;
And before the Judge assembling.

Comes that Judge His book unsealing
Secret writ of doom revealing,
All attent, but none appealing.

Wrongs for ages never righted,
Buried, rise to be recited;
Nothing there goes unrequited.

Ah what plea shall I then tender?
Whom invoke as my Defender,
When the holiest must surrender.

King of awful glory! ever
Of free grace the Sovereign Giver;
Fount of goodness! me deliver.

Think, good Lord, let it appease Thee,
That Thou camest to release me;
Lest the second death should seize me.

Weary, wayworn, Thou hast sought me,
By Thy cross salvation brought me;
Why in vain shouldst Thou have bought me?

Just Judge! piercing all disguises,
Save me ere that morning rises.
Bringing in the dread assizes.

See my soul its guilt unveiling,
Shame confessing, sin bewailing,
Mercy grant me all-availing.

VENTURUS AD JUDICANDUM.

53 Peccatricem absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti;
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meae non sunt dignae,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum praesta;
Et ab haedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus,

Huic ergo parce, Deus.
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

THOMAS DE CELANO, Decimo tertio saeculo.

TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

53 Thou didst save the woman pleading,
And the thief beside Thee bleeding,
Grant me hope, like pity needing.

Vows and prayers can save me never;
Grace alone can me deliver
From the fire that burns for ever.

With Thy sheep, Good Shepherd, guide me,
From the herd of goats divide me;
On Thy right hand guard and hide me.

When the doom'd depart, descending
Into burnings never ending,
Call me with Thy saints ascending.

Hear me! contrite, lowly lying:
From the dust my heart is crying;
Save, O save my soul undying.

Woful day! when thunder-shaken,
From his ashes man shall waken,
And before the Judge be taken.

Then O God! to be forgiven!
Then let rest to me be given,
Mercy-loving Lord in heaven—Amen.

THOMAS OF CELANO, Thirteenth century.

CREDO IN SANCTUM SPIRITUM.

LIV

Credo in Spiritum Sanctum.

VENI Creator spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creasti pectora.

Qui Paraclitus diceris
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Dextrae Dei tu digitus,
Tu rite promissum patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per Te sciamus da patrem,
Noscamus atque filium,
Te utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

CAROLUS MAGNUS A.D. 742-814.

CREATOR Holy Spirit! come,
And make Thy people's hearts Thy home,
Our souls at first were framed by Thee,
Thy chosen temples let them be.

Our Comforter! most blessed name,
Gift of the Highest! Thee we claim,
Thou Fount of life! Thou Fire! and Love!
Shed down Thine unction from above.

Thy sevenfold gifts to us impart,
Finger of God! touch every heart,
Each voice atune to joyful song,
O Blessed Spirit promised long.

Our sight enlighten from above,
Our hearts replenish with Thy love;
And when our feeble flesh would fail,
In Thy great strength make us prevail.

Far from us thrust the infernal foe;
But cause our hearts Thy peace to know;
If only Thou our Guide wilt be,
From every snare we shall be free.

Show us the Father, Holy One!
Reveal to us the Eternal Son;
Spirit of Both for evermore,
Thee let us trust and Thee adore.

CHARLEMAGNE, A.D. 742-814.

SANCTUS SPIRITUS.

LV Credo in Spiritum Sanctum.

VENI Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cælitus
Lucis tuæ radium.

Veni Pater pauperum,
Veni dator munerum,
Veni lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium :

In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima,
Tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum ;
Riga quod est aridum ;
Sana quod est saucium ;

Flecte quod est rigidum ;
Fove quod est languidum,
Rege quod est devium.

55 I believe in the Holy Ghost.

HOLY Spirit, God of light!
Come, and on our inner sight
Pour Thy bright and heavenly ray!

Father of the lowly! come;
Here, Great Giver! be Thy home,
Sunshine of our hearts, for aye!

Inmost Comforter and best!
Of our souls the dearest Guest,
Sweetly all their thirst allay;

In our toils be our retreat;
Be our shadow in the heat;
Come and wipe our tears away.

O Thou Light, all pure and blest!
Fill with joy this weary breast,
Turning darkness into day.

For without Thee nought we find,
Pure or strong in human kind,
Naught that has not gone astray.

Wash us from the stains of sin,
Gently soften all within.
Wounded spirits heal and stay.

What is hard and stubborn bend,
What is feeble sooth and tend,
What is erring gently sway.

COMMUNIO SANCTORUM.

Da tuis fidelibus,
In te confitentibus,
Sacrum Septenarium ;

Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

ROBERTUS II., REX GALLIÆ.

DISCESSI TAMEN PROPINQUI.

LVI **Communio Sanctorum.**

ABISSE sanctos aiunt :
Distantne ? proximi
Visunt magisquam linquunt
Nostri carissimi.
Et nosmet aegrotamus,
Velumque ruptum vi,
En ! inter illos stamus,
Cessere num illi ?

Stillat, Zion in monte
Manans eorum ros ;
Et ex eorum Fonte
Rivus fluit ad nos.
It oleum deorsum
De Capite ad oras ;
Videmur ut seorsum,
Stat tamen unitas.

Per aequoris arenas,
Per antra, unicus
Aestus marinas aquas
Volvit circumfluus.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

To Thy faithful servants give,
Taught by Thee to trust and live,
  Sevenfold blessing from this day;

Make our title clear, we pray,
When we drop this mortal clay;
  Then,—O give us joy for aye!

ROBERT II., KING OF FRANCE, fl. A.D. 997-1031.

THE DEPARTED NIGH.

56 (I believe) in the communion of saints.

DEPARTED, say we? is it
  Departed, or come nigh?
Dear friends in Christ more visit
  Than leave us when they die.
What thin vail still may hide them,
  Some little sickness rends,
And lo! we stand beside them;
  Are they *departed* friends?

Their dews on Zion mountain
  Our Hermon hills bedew;
Their river from the Fountain
  Flows down to meet us too.
The oil on the head, and under,
  Down to the skirts hath run;
And though we seem asunder,
  We still in Christ are one.

The many tides of ocean
  Are one vast tidal wave,
That sweeps, in landward motion,
  Alike to coast and cave:

COMMUNIO SANCTORUM.

Christique semper ita
In sancta pectora
Fluit per orbem vita,
Cælique litora.

Salvete immortaleś!
Tinctas fores híc nos
Adimus, O sodales!
Intraque velum vos.
Sed nubilum est velum,
Ceu aura vitae sors;
Nobis est unum cælum,
Et ubinam O Mors?

W. B. ROBERTSON.

LVII

MARTYRES.

AETERNA Christi munera
Et martyrum victorias,
Laudes ferentes debitas
Laetis canamus mentibus.

Ecclesiarum principes,
Belli triumphales duces,
Cælestis aulae milites
Et vera mundi lumina.

Terrore victo saeculi
Poenisque spretis corporis
Mortis sacrae compendio
Vitam beatam possident.

Traduntur igni martyres
Et bestiarum dentibus,
Armata saevit ungulis
Tortoris insani manus.

And life, from Christ outflowing,
  Is one wave evermore,
To earth's dark caverns going,
  Or heaven's bright pearly shore.

Hail, perfected immortals!
  Even now we bid you hail;
We at the blood-stained portals,
  And ye within the vail!
The thin cloud-vail between us
  Is mere dissolving breath,
One heaven surrounds, and screens us;
  And where art thou, O Death?

Dr W. B. ROBERTSON.

57 *PRIMITIVE WITNESSES.*

SING to the Lord with joy and praise,
  Of martyrs and their victories;
For to all ages they are given,
E'er since from earth He rose to heaven.

The Church's princes near and far,
Went forth to wage the heavenly war;
Girt with ethereal armour bright,
By light to conquer, not by might.

Oh, how they spurned all earthy fear,
And welcomed pain, and death, with cheer;
Triumphant in their latest breath,
Gaining a blessed life in death.

Martyrs were flung into the fire,
And to the teeth of monsters dire,
Men, vulture-like, athirst for gore,
Their flesh with cruel anguish tore.

REMISSIO PECCATORUM.

Nudata pendent viscera,
Sanguis sacratus funditur,
Sed permanent immobiles
Vitae perennis gratia.

Devota sanctorum fides
Invicta spes credentium,
Perfecta Christi caritas
Mundi triumphat principem.

In his paterna gloria,
In his voluntas Filius
Exultat in his Spiritus,
Cælum repletur gaudiis.

Te nunc redemptor quaesumus
Ut ipsorum consortio
Jungas precantes servulos
In sempiterna saecula.

Saeculo septimo.

LVIII **Remissio peccatorum.**

RUPES ævûm fissa quondam
Pro me, memet in Te condam ;
Aqua sanguisque (sequentes
Hastam), latere fluentes,
Valeant contra peccatum
Vim delere et reatum.

Totâ vi si laborarem,
Coram Te culpatus starem :
Ardor si non se laxaret,
Fletus si nunquam cessaret,
Haec nequirent Te placare ;
Solus Tu potes salvare.

Wounded and scorned these men of God,
For Jesus bold to shed their blood,
Unshaken, brooked the cruel strife,
Nerved by the faith of endless life.

O Faith which every foe controls!
O dauntless hope of noble souls!
O perfect love! which breaks the spell
Of fear, or earthly snare, or hell.

The Father's glory here is seen,
The Son exults with joy serene,
The Spirit here finds blest employ,
And so all heaven o'erflows with joy.

Gracious Redeemer! ours and theirs!
Their songs accept: accept our prayers;
Join all in one, that we and they,
One home may have, one heart for aye.

Seventh century.

58 **I believe in the forgiveness of sins.**

ROCK of Ages!* cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

* Isa. xxvi. 4. Engl. margin.

Not the labour of my hands,
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone.

REMISSIO PECCATORUM.

Fero mecum nil immundo,
Crucem brachiis circumdo;
Te vestitum nudus oro,
Inops gratiam imploro,
Fontem adeo lauturus;
Si non laves, periturus.

Dum haec vita est degenda,
Mors quum adest, mox delenda,
Super astra quum volâro,
Et in throno Te spectâro,
Rupes aevûm fissa quondam
Pro me, memet in Te condam!

TOPLADY, 1776.

LIX **Remissio peccatorum.**

SANGUIS en Emmanuelis
Fons est præditus medelis;
Quo peccator emundatus,
Sordes abluit reatûs.

Gaudens vidit hunc immundus
Olim latro moribundus!
Mi ad fontem licet stare
Memet vilem et lavare.

Crux, O Agne! vim piandi
Non amittet, aut lavandi,
Donec Tui sint securi
In cælo, non exituri.

Ex quo rivum redimentis
Vidi sanguinis fluentis,
Te cantavi, et cantabo
Redemptorem, dum spirabo.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracks unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
ROCK OF AGES! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY, 1776.

59 **Remission of sins.**

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

REMISSIO PECCATORUM.

Dein salutem canam ore,
Carmine nobiliore,
Quum sepulchro silet illa
Balbà lingua, quam tranquilla!

Credo lyram Te parasse
Auream, et Te curasse,
Domine, ut et indigno
Mi amoris esset signo.

Est divinitus formata,
Et in aevum modulata,
Nomen ad Tuum sonandum
Patre coram, et laudandum.

COWPER, 1779.

LX **Remissio peccatorum.**

JESU! Animae Amator,
Ad Te fugio, Salvator!
Tempestate ingruente,
Fluctus turbine ciente.
In Te condar donec, vitâ
Procellosâ hac finitâ,
Anima expers jacturæ
Portum capiat secure.

Aliud asylum nolo,
Pendens inops de Te solo;
Ne relinquas; Adjutori
Mi sis semper, et Fautori.
In Te mea tota fides,
Inopem me Jesu, vides,
Alis tegas caput, reus
Oro Te, Benigne Deus!

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me:

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine.

COWPER, 1779.

60

Forgiveness.

JESUS, Lover of my soul!
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

Ipse pronus es nefandam
Ad culpam mi condonandam;
Sordes flumen salutare
Meas valeat lavare.
Vita defluit Te sponte;
Ex Te hauriamque Fonte;
In me, sis Fonti scatenti
Mi, perenne salienti.

C. WESLEY, A.D. 1740.

LXI **Credo carnis resurrectionem.**

VINCLA Mortis Tu rupisti,
Nec sepulchro tradidisti
Sempiterno, me sperantem
Tecum surgere laetantem;
Assequar Te suscitatus,
Metu mortis liberatus,
Tecum esse, Te amare;
Mori sic est exsultare.

Nam ad Jesum properabo,
Supplex animam levabo,
Diuturne dormiturus;
Nec e somno surrecturus,
Donec, Jesu me ducente,
Et fores aperiente,
Vitâ fruar immortali,
In urbe cælestiali.

HERMANNUS, Ob: 1561. ,,

Tibi Spiritum clementi,
Vitae vinclum hoc rumpenti
Trado; Tuus sum, non meus,
Vitam mi dedisti Deus;
Hanc libenter mi tradenti
Lucro erit mors ingenti,
Morienti seu viventi,
Tam felici, Te praesente.

NEUMARKUS, 1621–1681.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound—
Make and keep me pure within,
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart—
Rise to all eternity!

CHARLES WESLEY, A.D. 1740.

61 **I believe in the resurrection of the body.**

I SHALL not in the grave remain,
Since Thou death's bonds hast severed,
But hope with Thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered.
I hope to find Thee where Thou art,
Dwell with Thee, from Thee never part,
Therefore to die is rapture.

And so to Jesus Christ I go,
My longing arms extending,
So fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending,
Till Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
Shall ope the gate and point the road
To life and bliss eternal.

HERMANN, D. 1561

To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain,
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain;
In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
Content, for Thou art ever nigh,

NEUMARK, 1621-1681.

VITA AETERNA.

LXII (Credo) Vitam Aeternam.

ILLUSTRA lumine tuo, quaeso, magis adhuc ut mihi magis aperiatur. Nam ex his minimis Tua magna, et ex his visibilibus Tua invisibilia comprehendimus, Domine Deus sancte, et bone Creator noster. Si enim, mi Domine, pro hoc corpore ignobili et corruptibili tam magna et innumera beneficia praestas, a cælo, et aere, a terra et mari, luce et tenebris, calore et umbra, rore et imbre, ventis et pluviis, volucribus et piscibus, bestiis et arboribus; . . qualia, quaeso, et quam magna et innumerabilia erunt illa bona, quae preparasti diligentibus Te, in illa cæli patria, ubi Te videbimus facie ad faciem? Si tanta facis nobis in carcere, quid ages in palatio?

Cum sint haec omnia valde bona et delectabilia, quae bonis pariter malisque communia tradidisti; qualia futura sunt illa, quae solis bonis recondisti? . . Si tanta solatia in hae die lacrymarum; quanta conferes in die nuptiarum? . . Magnus enim Tu es, Domine Deus meus et immensus, nec est finis magnitudinis Tuae. . . Sed sicut magnus es Tu, ita magna sunt donaria tua, quoniam Tu ipse praemium et donum omnium legitimorum tuorum pugnatorum.

SOLILOQUIA AUGUSTINI, Opera VI., 1285-6.

SHOW me Thy love, Lord, by Thy light,
Shine down and clear my darkling sight:
Seen gifts bespeak unseen from Thee;
The loftiest in the least we see.

Oh if this mortal sight descry
Thy gifts in earth, in sea, in sky,
In light, in shade, in dew, in shower,
In bird, in beast, in fruit, in flower;

How vast must be the gifts in store
Where I shall see Thee evermore;
Where in the holy Fatherland,
Gifts come direct from out Thy hand.

If in Thy prison where I dwell,
Midway from heaven, midway from hell,
Such goodness manifold I see,
What in Thy palace must it be?

If bounties vast and rare as those,
Are lavished here upon Thy foes,
What countless gifts of boundless love,
Await Thy loving friends above!

If in this day of sighs and fears,
Such sweetness mingles with our tears,
Oh how all grief shall flee away,
When dawns the glorious bridal day.

There without measure, without end,
Thy gifts through ages all extend,
Thyself the Gift to conquerors given,
The Prize, the Joy, the All of heaven.

AUGUSTINE.

VITA AETERNA IN STOLIS.

LXIII

Hi qui amicti sunt stolis albis—qui sunt?

ANIMAE clare lucentes!
Unde sic fulsere?
Ad domos coelicolarum
Quomodo venere?

E doloribus infandis
Cælum adiere;
Vestes et nitentes Christi
Sanguine lavere.

Nunc victores in triumpho
Ante thronum clamant,
Cantibusque laetis, Deo
Serviunt quem amant.

Corda gaudio, et cantu
Ipse complet ora;
Nocte, die, cælum voce
Resonat canora.

Illis nec fames sitisve,
Neque sol nocebit;
Illic Sol Deus aeternam
In diem lucebit.

Agnus medio in throno
Illis est Rectori;
Danti cibum coeli illis
Duci et Pastori.

Pecudes ad pastum ducet,
Et fontes aquarum;
Ipso de genis tergente
Guttas lacrimarum.

WATTS ET CAMERO, A.D. 1781.

63 **What are these which are arrayed in white robes?**

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from suff'rings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannahs ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

Mong pastures green he'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

WATTS & CAMERON, A.D. 1781.

LXIV **Cantus Angelorum.**

ASTANT angelorum chori,
Laudes cantant Creatori;
Regem cernunt in decore,
Amant corde, laudant ore,
Tympanizant, citharizant,
Volant alis, stant in scalis,
Sonant nolis, fulgent stolis
Coram summâ Trinitate.
Clamant: Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus;
Fugit dolor, cessat planctus
In supernâ civitate.
Concors vox est omnium,
Deum collaudantium;
Fervet amor mentium,
Clare contuentium,
Beatam Trinitatem in unâ Deitate;
Quam adorant Seraphim
Ferventi in amore,
Venerantur Cherubim
Ingenti sub honore;
Mirantur nimis Throni de tantâ majestate.

ROUND His throne, the choirs of angels
Stand and sing their Maker's praise;
'See the King,' in all 'His beauty,'
And aloud His glories raise.

Hark! they join with harps and timbrels,
Wing'd, or resting in the sky,
Robed in brightness, chanting, chiming,
Worshipping the Trinity.

Hear them singing: 'Holy! Holy!
Holy!'—as these accents rise,
Sorrow far, and pain and weeping,
Flee that city of the skies.

Sweet to hear their voices blending,
All to praise their God above!
Sweet to see their hearts all rising,
In one flame of holy love!

While, unveiled beneath the glory
Of the blessed Trinity,
Wond'ring, lost, they gaze in worship
On that awful Majesty.

Fired with ardour never dying,
All the Seraphim adore,
And the Cherubim deep musing
Sing His honour evermore.

PART II.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

VITA CHRISTIANA.

LXV.

VITA, per quam vivo, sine qua morior; vita, per quam resuscitor, sine qua pereo; vita per quam gaudio sine qua tribulor: Vita vitalis dulcis et amabilis, semperque memorialis. Ubi quaeso es? ubi Te inveniam, ut in me deficiam et in Te subsistam? Prope esto mihi in animo, prope in corde, prope in ore, prope in auxilio; quia amore langueo, quia sine Te morior, quia Te recolens suscitor . . . . Ubi es absconditus, pulcher quem desidero? Odorem Tuum haurio, vivo et gaudio; Te autem non video. . .

Vocem tuam audio et revivisco. Sed cur faciem tuam abscondis? Forte dicis "*non videbit me homo et vivet*" (Ex. xxxiii. 20). Eia, Domine, moriar ut Te videam. Videam, ut hic moriar. Nolo vivere volo mori; dissolvi cupio et esse cum Christo.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

65

MY Life! Fount of my being!
All joy Thou makest mine;
Life, without which I perish,
Joy, without which I pine.

Thou Life of lives, most loving!
Come nigh and live in me;
That I of self all-weary,
May find my all in Thee.

Almighty Life where art Thou?
'Come nigh,' my faint soul cries;
On thoughts of Thee it liveth,
But without Thee it dies.

Thy voice I hear, and quickly,
Life cometh back to me;
But when Thy face Thou hidest,
I hear, but cannot see.

Lord hast Thou said that no one,
Can live who seeth Thee?
O then, behold me willing,
To die that I may see.

If I but see by dying,
My heart in death would cry:
"'Tis better far to see Thee,
And so, I long to die.'

AUGUSTINE, b. 354, d. 430.

POENITENTIA.

LXVI

CUM fui sine Te, non fui: quia nihil fui. Et ideo cæcus eram surdus et insensibilis; quia nec bonum discernebam, nec malum fugiebam. . . Vae mihi! vulneraverunt me et non dolui: traxerunt me et non sensi; quia nihil eram quia sine vita eram . . . Domine Lux mea, inimici mei de me fecerunt quaecumque voluerunt; percusserunt, nudaverunt, polluerunt, corruperunt, vulneraverunt et occiderunt me; quia recessi a Te, et factus sum nihil sine Te. Heu Domine, Vita mea qui fecisti me, Lux mea quae direxisti me, Defensor vitae meae, miserere mei et resuscita me. Domine, Deus meus, spes mea, virtus mea, fortitudo mea, consolatio mea, in die tribulationis meae, respice inimicos meos, et eripe me; fugiant a facie tua qui oderunt Te, et ego vivam in Te, per Te.

AUGUSTINUS.

PENITENCE.

66

TRUE life within me was not,
When I was far from Thee;
My soul benumbed and blinded,
Slept listlessly in me.

My foes! they drew me downward,
Yet strange, I did not grieve.
Ah me! my soul was wounded,
Yet I did not perceive.

True life within me was not,
For I was far from Thee;
Sins were the foes that thralled me,
And took their will of me.

They stripped me bare, despoiling,
Defiling, piercing me;
They buffeted and slew me,
For I was far from Thee.

My Lord! my Life, my Buckler,
My solace in my woes,
My God, my Hope, my Courage,
O save me from my foes.

Rise! let them flee before Thee,
They hate both Thee and me;
Drive them as smoke is driven,
Then I will live in Thee.

AUGUSTINE

Ipsi enim Domine consideraverunt me, et videntes me, sine Te, despexerunt me. Diviserunt sibi vestimenta virtutum quibus ornaveras me ; fecerunt sibi viam, viam per me, sub pedibus suis conculcaverunt me ; faecibus peccatorum polluerunt templum sanctum Tuum, posuerunt me desolatum et mœrore confectum. Ibam post eos cæcus nudus et illaqueatus funibus peccatorum. . . Cæcus eram Cæcitatem desiderabam. Vinctus eram, vincula non horrebam. . . Adhaeream ergo tibi, Verbum ! ut conserves me ; quia ubi a Te recessi, perii in me.

AUGUSTINUS, VI. 1268.
POTIUS ANSELMUS.

LXVII **Convertere, Israel, ad Dominum Deum.**

VENIAMUS poenitentes
Coram Domino dolentes ;
Ille clemens non negabit,
Nec lugentes improbabit.

Ventos evocat furentes,
Fluctus et mollit tumentes ;
Et si valet castigare
Dextra, valet et sanare.

Nox regnavit dolorosa,
Dies autem ceu formosa
Deus veniet ; surgemus
Gestientes et canemus.

They took the robe that clothed me,
  Nor was it mine but Thine;
Under their feet they trod me,
  Foul spoilers of Thy shrine.

A blinded slave they bound me,
  I followed in their train,
Naked where'er they drew me,
  I hugged and dragged my chain.

O Word divine! for shelter
  I come, I cleave to Thee;
For whensoe'er I leave Thee,
  Life dies away in me.

ANSELM, born A.D. 1033.

67

Return unto the Lord thy God.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
  With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
  The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
  And stills the stormy wave;
And, though His arm be strong to smite,
  'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
  The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
  With gladness in His sight.

FIDES.

Dominum desiderantes
Cognoscemus jubilantes;
Ille ceu jubar micabit,
Dulciterque nos vocabit.

Mane ut ros super flores,
Fundit undique odores,
Sicut imbres ver ducentes,
Mulcent agros sitientes;

Deus ita recreabit,
Oriensque nos beabit;
Dies illa radiabit,
Noctis et luctus fugabit.

JOANNES MORRISON, A.D. 1770

LXVIII **Emite absque argento.**

TIBI, qualis sum, O Christe!
Pro me vitam qui fudisti,
Atque mi 'veni' dixisti,
Talis adsum, Agne Dei!

Qualis sum, nolens morari,
Unam maculam purgare,
Tibi, qui potes mundare,
Talis adsum, Agne Dei!

Qualis sum, metu turbatus,
Et in dubio versatus,
Pugnis, litibus jactatus,
Talis adsum, Agne Dei!

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
  Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
  Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
  Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
  And cheer the thirsty ground,

So shall His presence bless our souls,
  And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
  The sorrows of the night.

JOHN MORRISON, A.D. 1770.

68 **Buy without money.**

JUST as I am, without one plea,
  But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st mo come to Thee,
  O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
  O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within, without,
  O Lamb of God, I come!

FIDES.

Cœcus, inops, periturus,
Cùncta sed in Te nacturus,
Ut sim salvus et securus,
Talis adsum, Agne Dei!

Fretus Te recipiente,
Abluente et tuente,
Me reum mi ignoscente,
Talis adsum, Agne Dei!

Qualis—O mirum amorem!
Duri cordis nunc victorem,
Totus ut Te hinc adorem,
Talis adsum, Agne Dei!

C. ELLIOTT, A.D. 1841.

LXIX **Respicite ad Me et servemini.**

FIDES Te mea spectat,
Me tua crux allectat,
Deus! O mi Amator;
Te adeo rogatum,
Ut deleas reatum;
Dehinc Tuum, beatum,
Totum me fac, Salvator!

Mi languido vigorem
Des Christe, des favorem,
Zelumque calescentem;
Quum condolens Tu sortem,
Pro me subisses mortem,
Da mi amorem fortem,
Purum, pium, ardentem.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, A.D. 1841.

69 **Look unto Me and be ye saved.**

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

FIDES.

Ambagibus mi septo,
Dolori nec erepto,
Sis Jesu mihi Duci,
Caliginem pellenti,
Dolentem me mulcenti,
Vagantem reducenti;
Mi proximae sis Luci.

In amne mortis, vita
Quum mergitur sopita,
Mi vita ne sit dempta;
Accende tum amorem,
Et amove timorem,
Te sursum ut adorem
Dein anima redempta!

R. PALMER, A.D. 1830."

LXX **Dominus venit et vocat te (φωνει).**

LOQUENTEM exaudivi,
Jesum: 'veni, quiesce,
Sinu meo defessus,
Caput tu requiesce.'
Lassus fui et veni,
Tristis, gravis labore,
Et in Eo quievi,
Deposito dolore.

Loquentem et audivi;
'Tibi do Ego sponte,
Sititor, aquam vivam;
Vivas bibens de Fonte.'

FAITH.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul!

RAY PALMER, A.D. 1830.

70 **The Master is come and calleth thee.**

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
'Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
'Thy head upon My breast!'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold! I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!'

PRIUS NOS AMAVIT.

Simulque veni, bibi,
  Et animâ renatâ,
Vivifico de rivo,
  Vivo, siti sedatâ.

Loquentem et audivi:
  'Lux sum, tibi videnti
Me, lumen affulgebit,
  Totâ die nitenti.'
Vidi, refulsit Ille,
  Nocturnus, Matutinus;
Ejusque luce domum
  Incedo peregrinus.

BONAR, A.D. 1857.

LXXI

Amor morientis Christi.

LUGETE dura marmora,
  Cautesque lacrymate,
Lugete cæli sidera,
Ventique suspirate,
En languet orbis gloria,
Et moritur amore.

Rorate fletu lumina,
Amor jubet dolorque,
Homo profunde flumina
Fletusque sanguinisque,
En propter tua crimina
Hic moritur dolore.

I came to Jesus, and I drank
  Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
  And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
  'I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
  And all thy day be bright.'
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
  In Him, my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
  Till travelling days are done.

BONAR, A.D. 1857.

71 **Dying Love.**

YE rocks of marble! melt and weep,
  Ye frowning rocks, relenting,
Ye stars, that gild the azure deep,
  Ye winds! join all lamenting;
The King of Glory from above,
Comes down to bleed, and die of love.

O weep all men! drop tears like dew;
  Be love by grief attended,
A flowing stream, love claims from you,
  Of blood with weeping blended;
Lo! for the lost, His love to prove,
He came, He died of grief and love.

PRIUS NOS AMAVIT.

71 O charitatis victima,
O dira vis amoris:
Crudelitatis hostia,
Spectaculum doloris,
Quis cogitasset talia,
Mori Deum pro nobis!

Deflete mea lumina
Tanti luctas amoris,
Deflete mea crimina,
Tanti causas doloris,
Hoc petit tanti gratia
Doloris ac amoris.

O amor super omnia,
Jesu sic morientis,
O dolor super omnia
Jesu sic patientis,
Amoris ecce spicula,
Et victimam doloris.

Exite Sion filiae,
Videte Jesse natum,
Spinarum diademate
Lugete coronatum,
Sponsumque vestrum plangite
Crudeliter necatum.

O quanta vis amoris est
In Jesu moriente,
O quanta vis doloris est
In Jesu patiente!
Plorare, nisi tigris es,
Debes ac redamare.

Decimo sexto saeculo.

DYING LOVE.

71 Oh, who that mighty love can tell,
In cruel anguish crying,
The gazing-stock of earth and hell,
Bleeding, atoning, dying!
Who could have dreamt of love so high,—
That God, for man, should deign to die!

Pour forth your plenteous flood, mine eyes!
To see that Sufferer languish;
And Memory! wake to sighs and cries,
For sins that caused such anguish:
This tribute to such love and woe,
God claims from all who dwell below.

O mighty love! beyond compare,
Behold in Jesus dying;
Ah! grief beyond all grief was there,
To God in anguish crying;
For grief and love both winged the dart,
That struck and pierced that bleeding heart.

Daughter of Zion, forth, and mourn!
The Son of man beholding;
Thorns for a diadem, in scorn,
His bleeding head enfolding;
From weeping thou may'st not refrain,
Thy Bridegroom has been pierced and slain.

My soul! see Love in matchless power,
Thy death as Surety sharing;
See matchless sorrow in that hour,
Thy crushing burden bearing:
If tears own not such love divine,
A heart all-brutish must be thine.

ANON., Sixteenth century.

AMOR IN DUBIUM VOCATUS.

LXXII **Deligis Me?**

AUDI, Anima! loquentem
Jesum cor tuum petentem
Ille loquitur Amator:
'Diligis Me, dic peccator?
'Liberavi laqueatum,
Et curavi vulneratum,
Tibi vago fui Duci,
Tenebrosa nocte, Luci.

'Potest mulier cessare
Prolem propriam amare,
Vocis ejus obliviscens?
Potest; atqui reminiscens
'Tui, diligo amore
Fido, morte fortiore,
Alto cælo altiore,
Inferis profundiore.

'Brevi gloriam videbis
Renovatus, et sedebis
In throno mecum spectator;
Me amasne? dic peccator.'
Est mi, Domine, querelae,
Quod cor sit tam infidele;
Debilem amorem ploro,
Attamen amans adoro.

COWPER, 1779.

LOVE CALLED IN QUESTION.

72

Lovest thou Me?

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
'Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?
I delivered thee, when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes! she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;—
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?'
Lord it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

COWPER, 1779.

AMOR ERGA CHRISTUM.

LXXIII

TE, sancte Jesu, mens mea,
Amoris icta vulnere,
Suspirat. O salus mea,
Me solve tandem vinculis
Istis, ut evolem tuam
Beatus ad præsentiam:
Fac interim magis magis
Amore totus ardeam:
Ut pura mens a corporis
Contagione amplexibus
Evadat aptior tuis.
Tu spes, voluptas, unicum
Cordis mei sis gaudium.
Benigne Jesu, da, precor,
Humana cuncta spernere
Te propter, omnia fac mihi
Te propter unum sordeant:
Seu pulcher oras ætheris
Sol lustrat almo lumine;
Seu nox benigno languida
Rigat sopore corpora,
Domi forisque mens mea
Te quærat, invocet, canat,
Solumque felix in tuo
Dulci acquiescat numine.

M. ANTONIUS FLAMINIUS, A.D. 1550.

73

ALL-HOLY Jesus! mine Thou art,
Smit with Thy love, my bleeding heart
Would breathe its secret in Thine ear;
Stoop Jesus from Thy throne, and hear.

These shackles burst, of sense and sin,
Which bind and burden all within,
That to Thy blessed presence I
May spread my happy wings and fly.

O teach my whole soul more and more,
To burn with love and to adore;
Till from the snares of sense set free,
She find supreme delight in Thee.

Be Thou my bliss, without alloy;
My highest hope, my deepest joy,
What most I love beneath the skies,
Compared with Thee, let me despise.

Yea, let me count all things as vile,
That would my heart from Thee beguile.
Whether the sun gild all below,
Making the realms of ether glow;

Or night her starry vigils keep,
While I am wrapt in balmy sleep;
Whether in peace I dwell at home,
Or far abroad my footsteps roam;

Still let my wingèd soul be free
To soar, and sing, and call on Thee;
To hail Thy will, to wait Thy call,
Happy in Thee her All in all.

M. A. FLAMINIUS, A.D. 1559.

AMOR ERGA CHRISTUM.

LXXIV

JESU! ter desiderate
Jesu, pro me vulnerate!
Quiddam quisque optat bonum,
Hocce autem Tuum donum.

Te novisse, Te laudare,
Hac in terra est laetari;
Te videre et amare,
Erit in aevum beari.

Vita mors est, Te absente,
Mors est vita, Te praesente;
Morior Te spem negante,
Felix vivo opem dante.

Requies cælesti fonte
Defluit Teipso sponte;
Tua pax beata, Deus,
Mea est, si Tu sis meus.

Te praesentem sentienti
Cuncta mi placent gaudenti;
Vivus tecum ambulabo,
Moriens ad Te volabo.

Si Teipsum des mi dono,
Sisque meo Summo Bono,
Comes ero beatorum
Hîc, et in cælo cælorum.

TOPLADY, A.D. 1740-1778.

74

OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me;
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee:

Thee to please, and Thee to know
Constitute our bliss below:
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

Lord! it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny:
Lord! if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.

Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows:
Peace and happiness are Thine;
Mine they are, if Thou are mine.

Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy;
Here, O may I walk with Thee,
Then, into Thy presence die!

Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness!
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below, and heaven above.

TOPLADY, 1740-1778.

LXXV De passione Domini

ECQUIS binas columbinas
Alas dabit animae?
Ut in almam crucis palmam
Evolet citissime,
In qua Jesus totus laesus,
Orbis desiderium,
Et immensus est suspensus,
Factus improperium!

O cor scande, Jesu pande
Charitatis viscera,
Et profunde me reconde
Intra sacra vulnera;
In superna me caverna
Colloca maceriae;
Hic viventi, quiescenti
Finis est miseriae.

O mi Deus, amor meus!
Tune pro me pateris?
Proque indigno, crucis ligno
Jesu mi suffigeris?
Pro latrone, Jesu bone,
Tu in crucem tolleris!
Pro peccatis meis, gratis
Vita mea moreris!

Non sum tanti, Jesu! quanti
Amor tuus aestimat;
Heu cur ego vitam dego,
Si cor te non redamat?

75 **Our Lord's passion.**

WHO will send me, who will lend me,
Like a dove, wings for my soul?
Mounting, singing, swiftly winging,
I would make the Cross my goal,
There was Jesus, to release us,
Nailed, the gazing-stock of hell;
God's Elected, long expected,
Craved by all on earth who dwell.

Upward flying, soul undying!
Sound the depths of love divine;
Jesus guide me, deeply hide me
In those sacred wounds of Thine.
Through life's stages, Rock of Ages!
In Thy lofty clefts me lay;
There abiding, resting, hiding,
All my griefs shall pass away.

God and Brother! Holy Lover!
Didst Thou bleed and die for me?
For my wretched soul rejected,
Wast Thou nailed upon that tree?
When the dying thief was crying,
Wert Thou raised for him on high
Oh! life-giving, ever-living
Lamb, for me didst Thou not die!

Life were fameless, life were aimless,
Jesus, if I loved not Thee:
For her treasure, without measure,
At that Cross Love paid for me.

AMOR ERGA DEUM.

Benedictus sit invictus
Amor vincens omnia,
Amor fortis, tela mortis
Reputans ut somnia.

Iste fecit, et refecit
Amor, Jesu, perditum;
O insignis, Amor, ignis
Cor accende frigidum.
O fac vere cor ardere,
Fac, me te diligere,
Da conjungi, da defungi
Tecum Jesu, et vivere. Amen.

Ante decimum quintum saeculum.

LXXVI

Quæ sursum sunt quærite.

SURSUM, sursum! cor conscendas,
Cum Deoque habites,
Nugas has amans inanes,
Non quiescere potes.

Sursum, sursum! cor conscendas,
Nugax ne sis frivolus;
Nubes super illas scande,
Domum quaere, cœlicus!

Effluentem nec amorem
Dissipes in turpia,
Sed petas polum Deumque,
Nitens ad coelestia.

LOVE TO GOD.

Blessed ever, fainting never,
Be the love that nerves my heart;
All-surmounting, bravely counting
As a dream, Death and his dart.

Love first framed me, and then claimed me,
When I lay, undone, unblest;
Love all-glorious, all-victorious,
Light thy fire within my breast.
Fill with glowing overflowing
Love to Thee, this heart of mine;
Jesus! own me, claim me, throne me,
Living, dying, ever Thine!

Before the Fifteenth century.

76 **Seek those things that are above.**

GO up, go up, my heart,
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.

Go up, go up, my heart,
Be not a trifler here;
Ascend above these clouds,
Dwell in a higher sphere.

Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim;
Go up to Heaven and God,
Take up thy love to Him.

AMOR ERGA JESUM.

Nec amoris vim effunde,
Creaturae tam amans,
En! cordis opes Creator
Postulat desiderans.

Sursum cor invitum, carpe
Requiem et gloriam,
Amor! exue ascendens
Indolem terrigenam.

BONAR, 1856.

LXXVII **Amor Christi nos constringit.**

O DEUS ego amo te,
Nec amo te, ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes te
Aeterno punis igne.

Tu, tu mi Jesu totum me
Amplexus es in cruce;
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam,

Innumeros dolores,
Sudores, et angores,
Ac mortem, et haec propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore.

Cur igitur non amem te,
O Jesu amantissime!
Non, ut in cælo salves me,
Aut ne aeternum damnes me;

LOVE TO JESUS.

Waste not thy precious stores
On creature-love below;
To God that wealth belongs,
On Him that wealth bestow.

Go up, reluctant heart,
Take up thy rest above;
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts;
Ascend my lingering love!

BONAR, 1856.

77 **Constraining love of Christ.**

O GOD let not my love to Thee,
Be only that Thou savest me;
Or that the souls Thy love who spurn,
Are doomed in penal fire to burn.

Jesus! Thine arms encompassed me,
When Thou wast stretched upon the tree;
The nails, the spear, the bitter scorn,
All for my rescue Thou hast borne.

Ah! Thou didst bear unnumbered woes,
And wrongs and anguish from Thy foes;
Yea, and the curse of death for me,
From endless woe to set me free.

Oh where then should my love find rest,
But in Immanuel, holy, blest;
Not only in Thy mercies given—
Escape from hell or hope of heaven:

AMOR ERGO DEUM.

Nec praemii alius spe
  Sed sicut tu amasti me;
Sic amo, et amabo te,
  Solum, quia Rex meus es.

LXXVIII

Nos ergo diligimus Deum quoniam Deus prior dilexit nos.

O DEUS ego amo te,
  Nam prior tu amasti me,
En libertate privo me,
  Ut sponte vinctus sequar te.

Nil suggerat memoria,
  Nisi de tua gloria,
Nil intellectus sapiat,
  Praeterquam ut te capiat.

Protestor nihil velle me,
  Nisi quod sciam velle te;
Quae dono tuo mea sunt,
  Haec dono meo tua sunt.

A te accepi, recipe,
  Quid iis veliș, praecipe;
Guberna sicut scis, et vis,
  Nam scio, quod amator sis.

Amore solo dona me,
  Ut ego quoque amem te;
Haec dando dabis omnia,
  Nam cetera sunt somnia.

FRANCIS XAVIER, A.D. 1506-1552.

But as Thou first hast loved me,
My love will rest alone in Thee;
My God! my King! for what Thou art,
Thine be the love of all my heart.

78

We love Him because He first loved us.

O GOD my love goes forth to Thee,
Because Thou first hast loved me;
Bound by this chain my soul is free,
Thy captive glad to follow Thee.

Let Memory ne'er recall a thought
That is not with Thy glory fraught;
Let Reason seeking Wisdom be
Inspired with thoughts alone of Thee.

Let no desire my bosom fill,
Save but to know what is Thy will;
The precious gifts Thou hast made mine,
I render back as wholly Thine.

Accept what came from Thine own hand,
Let them be all at Thy command;
Thy will be mine, my heart be Thine,
Thou Lover of my soul, divine.

O grant but this, Thy love to me,
That I may give my love to Thee;
This gift my all I shall esteem,
And count all else an idle dream.

FRANCIS XAVIER, A.D. 1506-1552.

DEUS DUX ET LUX.

LXXIX Psalmus cv. 39.

EXEUNTE Israële
Servitute de crudeli,
Deus patrius stupendus
Antecessit, Dux tremendus!

Nimbus, en! terras diurnus
Verrit, ignis at nocturnus,
Arabum campo stupente,
Nube igneâ fulgente.

Seniores, bellatores
Tubis, tympanis, cantores
Feminis tum respondere,
Et Jehovam laudavere.

Ades, Tuâ vi latente
Luce prosperâ fulgente,
Diem lucidum velare
Perfidoque temperare.

Atra nocte circumdante
Nos, et sæpe æstuante,
Nobis Duci sis faventi,
Luminique sis fulgenti.

79 Ps. cv. 39.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

And oh, when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou—long-suffering, slow to wrath—
A burning and a shining light!

SIR WALTER SCOTT, A.D. 1819.

DEUS LUX ET CUSTOS.

LXXX

In tenebris lumen.

O Lux benigna duce,
Tuâ per umbras luce,
Mi semper Tu sis Duci!
Aterrima nox adest,
Domusque procul abest,
Tu mihi esto Luci!
Pedes tueri volo,
Viam spectare nolo,
Procul videndo lassus;
Sat unicus mi passus.

Tum ita non putavi,
Te neque sic oravi,
Tu mi ut esses Duci;
Via tunc eligenda
Mi, quoque providenda;
Tu mi sed es nunc Luci;
Festiva mi placebat
Dies, cor at timebat:
Fastu superbienti
Ignosce, tam amenti.

Omnipotens beasti
Diüque me servasti;
Dehinc eris mi Duci,
Per loca scopulosa,
Deserta et aquosa,
Donec cedat nox luci;
Et mane angelorum
Renideant eorum
Vultus, quos tunc amavi
Amissos et ploravi.

J. H. NEWMAN.

80 **Light in darkness.**

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldest lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.

So long Thy Power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,—
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

CHRISTUS CUSTOS.

LXXXI

Jehova Custos tuus.
Hymnus vespertinus.

CHRISTE, qui lux es et dies,
Noctis tenebras detegis,
Lucisque lumen crederis
Lumen beatum praedicans.

Precamur sancte Domine
Defende nos in hac nocte,
Sit nobis in te requies,
Quietam noctem tribue;

Ne gravis somnus irruat,
Nec hostis nos surripiat,
Nec caro illi consentiens
Nos tibi reos statuat.

Oculi somnum capiant
Cor ad te semper vigilet,
Dextera tua protegat
Famulos qui te diligunt.

Defensor noster adspice,
Insidiantes reprime,
Guberna tuos famulos
Quos sanguine mercatus es.

Memento nostri, Domine
In gravi isto corpore,
Qui es defensor animae
Adesto nobis, Domine.

Septimo saeculo.

81 **The Lord is thy Keeper.**
Evening Hymn.

O CHRIST, Thy light brings endless day,
And sweeps our gloomy night away:
Faith claims and names Thee 'Light of light,'
Telling of day all blest and bright.

O Holy Lord! through all this night
Guard us from danger by Thy might;
Make the hushed night our canopy,
Where we may find sweet rest in Thee;

Lest some dread sleep should on us fall,
Or the dark foe our soul appal;
Lest fancy lured by Satan's wiles,
Should fall into his guilty toils.

Let slumber seal our eyes in sleep;
But let our hearts their vigils keep;
Thine arms be round us and above,
To guard the servants of Thy love.

Watch over us in our repose,
Scatter the ambush of our foes;
Let us Thy blood bought servants be
Ruled, as we are redeemed by Thee.

Remember us Lord, day by day,
Oppressed by this dull load of clay;
Our soul's Defence forever be,
Come near! and keep us near to Thee.

Seventh Century.

LXXXII **Militia Christiana.**

VOS dolores tolerantes,
Christo fidi militantes;
Valde bello lacessiti
Flentes, prœliantes ite.

Ite O fideles ite,
Debellatum hostem vitae;
Vobis hosti non cedendum,
Longe quamvis resistendum.

O fideles, an cedetis?
Aut trementes fugietis?
Pugnam asperam timentes,
Ducis vires nescientes?

Luctum ponitote laeti;
Armatu superno freti,
Mox canetis triumphantes,
Iter longum non putantes.

Brevi luctus est ponendus,
Fletus mox est abstergendus:
Ne malis septi tardetis,
Inopes opes habetis.

Ite, fidi bellatores
Plus futuri quam victores,
Hoste quamvis lacessiti,
Ite, O fideles, ite!

HENRICUS KIRK WHITE, 1806.

82 Christian warfare.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians! onward go;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

HENRY KIRK WHITE, 1806.
F. F. MAITLAND, 1827.

LXXXIII **Sancti Augustini antidotum contra tyrannidem peccati.**

QUID, Tyranne! quid minaris?
Quid usquam poenarum est,
Quidquid tandem machinaris:
Hoc amanti parum est;

Dulce mihi cruciari,
Parva vis doloris est:
Malo mori quam foedari!
Major vis amoris est.

Para rogos, quamvis truces,
Et quidquid flagrorum est:
Adde ferrum, adde cruces:
Nil adhuc amanti est!

Dulce mihi cruciari,
Parva vis doloris est:
Malo mori quam foedari!
Major vis amoris est.

Nimis blandus dolor ille!
Una mors quam brevis est!
Cruciatus amo mille,
Omnis poena levis est.

Dulce mihi sauciari,
Parva vis doloris est:
Malo mori quam foedari!
Major vis amoris est.

PETRUS DAMIANUS, undecimo saeculo.

83 **Augustine's antidote against sinful compliances.**

TYRANT! dost thou think to seize me?
All thy vaunting threats are vain;
Do thy worst! the love of Jesus
Mocks at all the power of pain.

Sweet to kiss the cross! defying
Dread of pain my soul to move:
Better dying than complying;
Mightier is the power of love!

Light your stake! and let it crackle;
Let your galling lash be brought;
Bring the sword, the cross, the shackle,
Love will set them all at nought.

Sweet to kiss the cross! defying
Dread of pain my soul to move;
Better dying than complying;
Mightier is the power of love.

Happy sorrows! sweet afflictions!
Death comes once, and comes no more.
Hail a thousand crucifixions!
All their pangs will soon be o'er.

Sweet to bear those wounds! defying
Dread of pain my soul to move;
Better dying than complying;
Mightier is the power of love.

PETER DAMIANI, eleventh century.

VIGILANTIA.

LXXXIV **Vox galli matutina.**

ALES diei nuntius
Lucem propinquam præcinit ;
Nos excitator mentium
Jam Christus ad vitam vocat.
Auferte, clamat, lectulos
Ægros, soporos, desides :
Castique, recti, ac sobrii
Vigilate : jam sum proximus.
Post solis ortum fulgidi
Serum est cubile spernere ;
Ni parte noctis addita
Tempus labori adjeceris.

Vox ista, qua strepunt aves,
Stantes sub ipso culmine,
Paulo ante quam lux emicet,
Nostri figura est Judicis.
Tectos tenebris horridis
Stratisque opertos segnibus,
Suadet quietem linquere
Jamjamque venturo die.
Ut cum coruscis flatibus
Aurora cœlum sparserit
Omnes labore exercitos
Confirmet ad spem luminis
Hic somnus ad tempus datus,
Est forma mortis perpetis :
Peccata, ceu nox horrida,
Cogunt jacere ac stertere.
Sed vox ab alto culmine
Christi docentis præmonet :
Adesse jam lucem prope,
Ne mens sopori serviat.

Cockcrow.

THE bird that hails the early morn,
Heralds aloud the coming day;
So Christ who stirs our slumbering hearts,
Bids us awake to live and pray.
Sleeper arise! the herald cries,
Shake off dull sloth, awake and hear.
All true, and pure, and watchful be;
Night passes and the day is near.
'Tis late to spurn your beds of down,
When morn has gilded all the skies;
Unless the labours of the night,
Of rest have robbed your weary eyes.

The day of judgment.

We hear the birds around our homes,
Sing to the morn's first dawning ray;
So let us hear the Judge of all,
And wait the coming of that day.
Sunk in our slumber long and deep,
And wrapt in shades of deepest night,
He bids us leave our listless rest,
To meet that day's all-piercing light;
As if it were some common morn,
Casting its gleam athwart the sky,
Flooding with hope the sons of toil,
Who hail its sunshine from on high.
Here, oft the sleep that comes and goes,
Wears more the guise of death than rest,
For sin like midnight, wraps us round,
And lays its nightmare on our breast.
But Jesus from above lets fall,
His blessed voice upon our ear,
To break our slumber and to tell,
How night retreats and day draws near,

VIGILANTIA.

Ne somnus usque ad terminos
Vitæ socordis opprimat
Pectus sepultum crimine,
Et lucis oblitum suæ.

LXXXV **Simon Petrus.**

Ferunt, vagantes dæmonas
Lætos tenebris noctium,
Gallo canente exterritos
Sparsim timere et cedere.
Invisa nam vicinitas
Lucis, salutis, numinis,
Rupto tenebrarum situ
Noctis fugat satellites.
Hoc esse signum præscii
Norunt repromissæ spei:
Qua nos soporis liberi
Speramus adventum Dei.
Quæ vis sit hujus alitis,
Salvator ostendit Petro,
Ter ante quam gallus canat,
Sese negandum prædicans.
Fit namque peccatum prius,
Quam præco lucis proximæ
Illustret humanum genus
Finemque peccandi ferat.
Flevit negator denique
Ex ore prolapsum nefas:
Cum mens maneret innocens,
Animusque servaret fidem.
Nec tale quicquam postea
Linguæ locutus lubrico est:
Cantuque galli cognito
Peccare justus destitit.

Lest life its weary course should run,
In one long-slumbering round of sin,
And lest the spirit sunk in flesh,
Should reck not of the light within.

85 Simon Peter.

'Tis said that vagrant fiends which hide,
And revel in the shades of night,
Startled at cock crôw, far and wide,
Trembling betake themselves to flight.
Where'er their dark retreat is tracked,
The hated glimmer of the light,
The near approach of grace or God,
Scatter that baleful brood of night.
Full well they know, that voice of morn
Echoes the Master's faithful word,
That thus our souls from slumber free,
May hail the coming of our Lord.
That bird can wake the slumbering heart,
As Simon learned with grief and shame,
Forewarned was he, that ere it crew,
He thrice his Master would disclaim.
The deed was done, before that voice
Had hailed the morn, and done its part,
To read its lesson to mankind,
Or rouse and pierce that sinning heart.
Ah! soon those bitter tears flowed down,
For words he never could unsay;
O'er fealty fállen low, he wept,
Fealty—not lost or cast away;
For false or faithless word, again,
That tongue outspoken ne'er beguiled;
He heard the warning bird, and back
Appalled his bleeding heart recoiled.

LXXXVI Incitamenta vigilantiae.

Inde est, quod omnes credimus,
Illo quietis tempore
Quo gallus exsultans canit,
Christum redisse ex Inferis.
Tunc mortis oppressus vigor,
Tunc lex subacta est Tartari,
Tunc vis diei fortior
Noctem coëgit cedere.
Jamjam quiescant improba,
Jam culpa furva obdormiat,
Jam noxa letalis suum
Perpessa somnum marceat.
Vigil vicissim spiritus
Quodcumque restat temporis,
Dum meta noctis clauditur,
Stans ac laborans excubet.

Jesum ciamus vocibus,
Flentes, precantes, sobrii :
Intenta supplicatio
Dormire cor mundum vetat.
Sat convolutis artubus
Sensum profunda oblivio
Pressit, gravavit obruit
Vanis vagantem somniis.
Sunt nempe falsa et frivola,
Quæ mundiali gloria,
Ceu dormientes, egimus ;
Vigilemus ; hic est veritas.
Aurum, voluptas, gaudium,
Opes, honores, prospera,
Quæcumque nos inflant mala,
Fit mane ? nil sunt omnia.

It came to pass as we may know
That as the dawn shot through the gloom,
When that shrill bird sung out his strain,
The Lord of life forsook the tomb.
Then broken was the reign of Death,
Hell bowed before all-conquering might;
Victorious day then took the sway,
And so unsceptred Death and Night.
Henceforth let deeds of darkness cease,
Let low-browed Vice lethargic lie,
Let Wrong and all her deadly brood,
Sleep out their dream and droop and die.
But let our spirits vigil keep
And bravely labour on with might,
While life's brief day holds on to shine,
And till we reach the goal of night.

Jesus! we would Thy name extol
Whether we pray, or watch or weep;
For if our cry ascend the sky,
Our very cry will break our sleep.
Too long in vain and wandering dreams,
Has dull oblivion wrapt our clay,
Drawing our spirits to the dust;
Now let our slumbers pass away.
As dreamers we have spent our days,
For when they pass in strict review,
Their glory seemeth false and vain:
To watch and pray alone is true.
Our gold, our pleasure, and our joy,
Our wealth, our honour, and our gain,
Howe'er they bulk and shine by Night,
Morn dawns; and then they all seem vain.

VIGILANTIA.

Tu, Christe, somnum disjice,
Tu rumpe noctis vincula:
Tu solve peccatum vetus,
Novumque lumen ingere.

PRUDENTII CATHEMERINON, Hymnus I.

LXXXVII

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΔΙΑΒΟΛΟΝ.

Θεὸν βοῶ, τί τοῦτο; φεῦγέ μοι τάχος,
Φεῦγ' ὦ κάκιστον θηρίον βροτοκτόνον.
Τί μοι διοχλεῖς οὐδέν ἠδικημένος;
Τῶν σῶν συῶν πλήρωσον εἰσελθὼν βάθη.
Δέξονθ' ἑτοίμως εἰς βυθοὺς πεσούμενον.
Ἐμοῦ δὲ ἀπόσχου, μή σε τῷ σταυρῷ βάλω,
Ὃν πάντα φρίσσει καὶ τρέμει φόβῳ κράτους.

ΓΡΗΓΟΡΙΟΣ Ὁ ΘΕΟΛΟΓΟΣ, A.D. 330-389.
Opera Parisiis, Vol. ii. p. 954.
Scriptum post an. 383.

CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.

O Jesus! scatter all our dreams,
And burst these chains of Night and Sin,
Dissolve the guilt of all the past,
And shed new sunshine all within.

PRUDENTIUS, A.D. 348-424.

AGAINST SATAN.

87

HELP Lord! and bid begone,
That dark and savage one,
Man's deadliest foe and bane;
Satan! Why trouble me?
Guiltless of wrong to thee,
Murderer! begone amain!

Plunge in that deep of thine, Matt. viii. 32.
Fill it with thine own swine;
For thou hast learned the way;
Those depths, as thou dost go,
Will hail thee from below;
So haste thee quick away!

From me, at least, take flight,
Lest with the Cross I smite
Thy head, and break thy spell:
All things thrill with the shock
Of its almighty stroke,
Which shakes both earth and hell.

GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS, A.D. 330, 389,
Composed within six years of his death.

ΚΑΤᾺ ΤΟΥ̃ ΠΟΝΗΡΟΥ̃.

LXXXVIII **Resistite Diabolo et fugiet a vobis.**

Ἦλθες μὲν ἦλθες ὦ κάκιστ', ἀλλ' ἐσχέθης.
Ὡς καπνὸν εἶδον, ᾐσθόμην καὶ τοῦ πυρός.
Ὀσμὴ δριμεῖα, τοῦ δράκοντος ἔμφασις,
Σταυρὸν δ' ἐφίστημ', ὃς φύλαξ ζωῆς ἐμῆς,
Ὃς πάντα κόσμον συνδέων, Θεῷ φέρει·
Τοῦτον φοβηθεὶς, εἶκε μὴ πάλιν φανείς.
Καλεῖ μ' ἄχραντον ἡ χάρις παραστάτην.
Πόσον πιέζεις δὴ με τοῖς κακοῖς; πόσον;
Ἐμοὶ θεὸς τέθνηκε, κ' αὖθις ἔγρετο.
Αἰδοῦ τὸ λουτρόν· εἶξον, ὦ βροτοκτόνε.
Ὡς ἡδονῇ με πρῶτον ἔκλεψας πικρᾷ,
Οὕτω κακῶς με σήμερον κτεῖναι θέλεις.
Ἄπελθ', ἄπελθε· τῆς παλῆς γὰρ ᾐσθόμην,
Κἂν σῶμ' ἔχῃς μου, τόν γε νοῦν οὐ πείσομαι.

GREGORIUS NAZIANZENUS, A.D. 383.
Opera Parisiis, 1840, Vol. ii. p. 956.

88 Resist the Devil and he will flee from you.

'HO! thou comest, Prince of Darkness!
Yet thou comest curb'd and bound:
From thy nether fires uprising,
I can scent thy smoke around,
By thy Dragon breath infected,
Looming from the dark profound.

'Fiend! the cross I raise against thee,
'Tis my life-guard and my sword,
'Tis the power this world that bindeth
To the sceptre of its Lord.
At this signal, cowering, trembling,
To thy darksome realm descend!
God hath called me, and installed me
As His servant and His friend.

'Wherefore then shouldst thou oppress me?
All thy labour is in vain,
Know'st thou, that Jehovah-Jesus
Died for me, and rose to reign?
Murderer! dread the engulphing waters,
Where thy herd ran down amain.

'Once thy poisoned cup of pleasure,
Thou didst mix for me of old;
And again the deadly poison,
To my lips thou fain wouldst hold.
Get thee hence! back from thy presence,
All within me shrinks and turns.
Though my feeble flesh thou troublest,
Yet thy touch my spirit spurns.'

GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS, A.D. 383.

GALLI VOX.

LXXXIX Hymnus Matutinus.

AETERNE rerum conditor
Noctem diemque qui regis,
Et temporum das tempora
Ut alleves fastidium.

Praeco diei jam sonat
Noctis profundae pervigil,
Nocturna lux viantibus,
Ac nocte noctem segregans.

Hoc excitatus Lucifer
Solvit polum caligine,
Hoc omnis erronum chorus
Viam nocendi deserit.

Hoc nauta vires colligit,
Pontique mitescunt freta,
Hoc ipsa petra ecclesiae
Canente culpam diluit.

Surgamus ergo strenue,
Gallus jacentes excitat,
Et somnolentos increpat,
Gallus negantes arguit.

Gallo canente spes redit,
Aegris salus refunditur,
Mucro latronis conditur,
Lapsis fides revertitur.

COCKCROW.

89

Morning Hymn.

ETERNAL God, who built the sky,
Benignly ruling night and day!
By bidding light or darkness fly,
Thou dost our weariness allay.

The herald bird now hails the morn:
Lo! he has watched the live-long night,
And like some wayside lamp forlorn,
Mark'd here the midnight, there the light.

Waked by His voice, the star of morn
Begins to clear the darkling sky;
Fiends prowling hear that piping horn,
And scared, in troops adown they fly.

The land-bound sailor hears the call,
And sees the very waves grow tame.
Simon, the Rock, raised from his fall,
Dissolves in tears of grief and shame.

Up sleeper, then! and ope thine eyes,
Eager to seize the rising day;
The shrill reprover bids thee rise,
And chides thy drowsy dull delay.

His voice brings hope, and quiets fear,
Brings health where pining sickness lies;
It sheathes the midnight robber's spear;
It calls the fallen saints to rise.

DISCIPLINA SACRA.

Jesu, labantes respice,
Et nos videndo corrige ;
Si respicis lapsi stabunt,
Fletuque culpa solvitur.

Tu lux refulge sensibus,
Mentisque somnum discute,
Te nostra vox primum sonet,
Et ore psallamus tibi.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio ;
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne sæculum.

AMBROSIUS, A.D. 340-397.

Ὕ̄ΜΝΟΣ ΤΟΥ̓ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ.

XC **Chorus præceptorum.**

Στομιὸν πώλων ἀδαῶν,
Πτερὸν ὀρνίθων ἀπλανῶν,
Οἴαξ νηπίων ἀτρεκὴς,
Ποιμὴν ἀρνῶν βασιλικῶν.
Τοὺς σοὺς ἀφελεῖς
Παῖδας ἄγειρον,
Αἰνεῖν ἁγίως,
Ὑμνεῖν ἀδόλως

DISCIPLINE.

On fallen ones O turn Thine eye;
For in Thy look Thy power appears,
One glance can make the fallen rise,
And melt the tempted into tears.

Sun of my soul! shed down Thy rays;
Dissolve those dreams of Sin and Night.
Be all within me stirred to praise
And pay my vows, with all my might...

To Thee, O Father! and to Thee,
Thou Son of God! all glory be,
With Thee, O Spirit! One in Three,
Now, and to all eternity.

AMBROSE, Fourth Century.

HYMN TO CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.

90

Chorus of teachers.

THYSELF, Lord, be the bridle!
These wayward wills to stay:
Be Thine the wing unwandering!
To speed their upward way;

The helm for youth embarking
On the all-treacherous sea!
Shepherd of lambs! Thou only,
Their King and Leader be!

O bring your tender young ones,
To chant their hymns of praise,
And holy hallelujahs,
With hallowed lips to raise.

90 Ἀκάκοις στόμασιν
Παίδων ἡγήτορα Χριστόν.

Chorus discipulorum canentium
Τὸν Παιδαγωγόν.

Βασιλεῦ ἁγίων,
Λόγε πανδαμάτωρ
Πατρὸς ὑψίστου,
Σοφίας πρύτανι,
Στήριγμα πόνων,
Αἰωνοχαρες,
Βροτέας γενεᾶς
Σῶτερ Ἰησοῦ,
Ποιμὴν, ἀροτὴρ,
Οἶαξ, στομίον,
Πτερὸν οὐράνιον
Παναγοῦς ποίμνης·
Ἁλιεῦ μερόπων,
Τῶν σωζομένων,
Πελάγους κακίας
Ἰχθῦς ἁγνοὺς
Κύματος ἐχθροῦ
Γλυκερῇ ζωῇ δελεάζων.

Ἡγοῦ, προβάτων
Λογικῶν ποιμήν,
Ἅγιε, ἡγοῦ,
Βασιλεῦ παίδων ἀνεπάφων
Ἴχνια Χριστοῦ,
Ὁδὸς οὐρανία,
Λόγος ἀέναος,
Αἰὼν ἄπλετος,

Let them with songs adoring,
Their artless homage bring
To Christ the Lord, and crown Him
The children's Guide and King.

Chorus of pupils singing to the great Child-leader.

Thou King of all the holy,
Thou all-subduing Word!
Son of the Highest Father,
All-wise, all-holy Lord!

Thou stay of drooping sorrow!
All-blest eternally!
Undying life Thou givest
To men who weep and die;

Our husbandman and 'Shepherd,'
Our 'Helm' when floods arise,
Our 'Bridle' to restrain us,
Our 'Wing' to cleave the skies.

From raging seas of evil,
Fisher of men divine,
Thou lurest them from peril,
By heavenly life like Thine.

Lead, Holy Shepherd, lead us,
Thy feeble flock, we pray,
Thou King of little pilgrims!
Safe lead us all the way.

In Thy blest footprints guide us,
Along the heavenward road:
Thine age fills all the ages,
Undying Word of God!

90 Φῶς ἀΐδιον,
Ἐλέους πηγή,
Ῥεκτὴρ ἀρετῆς.

Σεμνὴ βιοτὴ
Θεὸν ὑμνούντων, Χριστὲ Ἰησοῦ,
Γάλα οὐράνιον,
Μαστῶν γλυκερῶν
Νύμφης χαρίτων,
Σοφίας τῆς σῆς ἐκθλιβόμενον.
Οἱ νηπίαχοι
Ἀταλοῖς στόμασιν
Ἀτιταλλόμενοι
Θηλῆς λογικῆς,
Πνεύματι δροσερῷ
Ἐμπιπλάμενοι,
Αἴνους ἀφελεῖς,
Ὕμνους ἀτρεκεῖς,
Βασιλεῖ Χριστῷ,
Μισθοὺς ὁσίους
Ζωῆς διδαχῆς,
Μέλπωμεν ὁμοῦ.

Chorus praeceptorum et discipulorum.

Μέλπωμεν ἁπλῶς,
Παῖδα κρατερόν.
Χορὸς εἰρήνης,
Οἱ χριστόγονοι,
Λαὸς σώφρων,
Ψάλωμεν ὁμοῦ Θεὸν εἰρήνης.

CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS, saeculo secundo.

90 Fountain of love o'erflowing!
Light of the world's dark night!
Working all good, Thou reignest,
To do, and guard the right.

That life, O Christ! is noblest
Which praises God the best,—
A life celestial, nourished
At Wisdom's holy breast.

By her good nurture let us,
Thy little ones, be fed;
And by her guidance gentle,
Our wandering steps be led.

O fill us with Thy Spirit,
Like morning dew shed down!
And with our praises loyal
King Jesus we shall crown.

O be our lives our tribute,
The meed of praise we bring;
When thus we join to honour
Our Teacher and our King.

Chorus of teachers and pupils united.

Come, then, all-childlike, joining
Our hymns, our hearts, in one,
Sing peacefully and gladly
To God's Almighty Son.

Come! all ye Christ-begotten,
The God of peace adore;
All lowly-wise, one chorus!
And laud Him evermore.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, second century.

XCI **Ad animam suam**

AGE Anima ! et pennis
Surge sursum O perennis,
Empta Christi margarita
Ad effigiem polita.

I ad thronum radiatum,
Et coronam decoratum,
Quum profectus sis ex Deo,
Redux Illi es tropæo.

Jubet Altus te salvere,
Neque subvolans timere ;
Tibi merita dat sua,
Ejus est justitia tua.

Chorus laetus angelorum
Signum quaerunt super torum,
Ut ferant te comitantes,
Supra sidera volantes.

Domus tua commovetur,
Ut te hospitem moretur ?
Exi domo ruiturâ ;
Vola, coeli creatura !

Vincla rumpe, linque lutum,
Tradens spiritum solutum ;
Cane, palmam receptura,
Praepes, amans, abitura.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

91 The dying Christian to his soul.

DEATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought!

Go, to shine before His throne;
Deck His mediatorial crown;
Go, His triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return!

Lo, He beckons from on high!
Fearless to His presence fly!
Thine the merit of His Blood;
Thine the Righteousness of God.

Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow, bend,
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to Heaven.

Is thy earthly house distrest,
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she, must die;
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing and fired with love.

CHRISTIANUS MORIENS.

91 Amnem tentans ne horrescas ;
Fidens Illi neu stupescas ;
Vox Illius morientis
Vim coërcuit torrentis.

Lenis aestus tibi rivi,
Instar vesperis aestivi ;
Nemo, qui est Illi curae,
Metum sentiat jacturae.

In aperto portum vide !
Solve navem, Illi fide,
Cujus amor, ineundae
Tibi, aurae est secundae.

Gloriosos vide stantes,
Venienti gratulantes,
Crebros ad ripam amantes,
Te per umbras salutantes.

Introi in laetum chorum ;
Auge gaudium eorum,
Cælum ocius ascendens,
Sic lætitiam incendens.

Patent haec ad visum mentis
Christiani morientis ;
Oculus fidens et fortis
Cernit haec per umbras mortis.

TOPLADY, A.D. 1740–1778.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

91 Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.

Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of His care,
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view;
Love Divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

Saints, in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade:
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore!

Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in Heaven!

Such the prospects that arise,
To the dying Christian's eyes;
Such the glorious vista faith
Opens through the shades of death.

TOPLADY, A.D. 1740–1778.

HYMNUS VESPERTINUS.

XCII **Hymnus Vespertinus.**

SOL meus! care Salvator!
Nulla Tecum nox, Amator!
Nubes ne surgant nigrantes
Te terrigenæ celantes.

Lenis ros somni quum manet,
Oculosque fessos sanet,
Rebar, O quam dulce! cari
Christi gremio cubare.

Die adsis totâ mecum;
Vita mors est, nisi Tecum;
Nocte adsis imminente,
Ne ausim mori Te absente.

Sis tutamen surrecturo
Mi in mundum exituro,
Donec aequore amoris
Mersus surgam cæli in oris.

KEBLE, A.D. 1827.

XCIII **Hymnus Matutinus.**

LUCIS Largitor splendide,
Cujus sereno lumine
Post lapsa noctis tempora
Dies refusus panditur.

Tu verus mundi Lucifer,
Non is, qui parvi sideris,
Venturae lucis nuntius
Angusto fulget lumine;

92 **Evening Hymn.**

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

KEBLE, 1827.

93 **Morning Hymn.**

O FOUNT of day! Lord! Thou dost shine,
Arrayed in light—that robe of Thine;
When midnight's shadows pass away,
'Tis Thine to launch the rising day.

That trembling star whose fainting light,
Hovers between the day and night,
Is not my hope, lit up afar;
Jesus! Thou art my morning star;

HYMNUS ANTIQUISSIMUS.

93 Sed toto sole clarior,
Lux ipsa totus et dies,
Interna nostri pectoris
Illuminans praecordia.

Adesto rerum conditor,
Paternae lucis gloria,
Cujus amota gratia
Pavescunt nostra corpora.

Tuoque plena spiritu,
Secum Deum gestantia,
Ne rapientis perfidi
Diris patescant fraudibus:

Ut inter actus saeculi,
Vitae quos usus exigit,
Omni carentes crimine
Tuis vivamus legibus.

Probrosas mentes castitas,
Carnis vincat libidines,
Sanctumque puri corporis
Delubrum servet spiritus.

Haec spes precantis animae,
Haec sunt votiva munera,
Ut matutina nobis sit
Lux in noctis custodiam.

HILARIUS, ob: mortem, A.D. 369.

A VERY ANCIENT MORNING HYMN.

93 My dawn, my endless day begun,
My truest Light, my better sun,
Whose beams their blessed radiance dart,
Through the deep midnight of my heart.

Jesus! Thou former of the light,
Thou image of the Father bright,
If Thou Thy helping grace deny,
My heart and flesh must faint and die.

Thy blessed Spirit, Lord impart,
The indwelling God—to fill my heart,
Lest the dire foe should spread his toils,
And take me in his treacherous wiles:

Then, in my round of daily care,
Under the earthly load I bear,
Released from thoughts and deeds of ill,
My heart shall bow to Thy sweet will.

With thoughts all pure my heart inspire,
To conquer every base desire;
That so this mortal frame may be
A temple holy unto Thee.

To hope like this would I aspire;
This is my soul's supreme desire,
That Thou who art my morning Light,
Shouldst be my Shield when comes the night.

HILARY, Ob., A.D. 369.

AD PRIMAM.

XCIV **Hymnus matutinus.**

AURORA jam spargit polum,
Terris dies illabitur,
Lucis resultat spiculum :
Discedat omne lubricum.

Phantasma noctis decidat,
Mentis reatus subruat,
Quicquid tenebris horridum
Nox attulit culpae, cadat.

Ut mane illud ultimum,
Quod praestolamur cernui,
In lucem nobis effluat
Dum hoc canore concrepat.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne sæculum.

AMBROSIUS, A.D.

XCV **Hymnus Matutinus.**

JAM lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus
Nos servet a nocentibus,

Linguam refrenans temperet
Ne litis horror insonet,
Visum fovendo contegat
Ne vanitates hauriat.

94

Morning Hymn.

NOW morning sprinkles all the sky,
And down the day glides from on high;
The bounding sunshine fills all heaven:
The wiles of night away be driven!

Ye phantoms of the dark away!
Like midnight at the rise of day;
The gloom of guilt be all undone
Like shades of night before the sun.

That so that great and final dawn,
To which our thoughts are ever drawn,
May shine on us with sweet surprise,
Even while our morning songs arise.

Unto the Father, God of heaven,
And to His Son be glory given,
And to the Spirit evermore,
One God—the God whom we adore,

AMBROSE.

95

Morning Hymn.

THE star of morn is in the skies;
Then let our prayers to God arise,
That in our daily round He may
From harm and error stop the way;

That He our tongue may bridle in,
Hushing the bitter strife of sin,
And, by His grace, may keep our eyes
From feasting upon vanities.

MATUTINUS.

Sint pura cordis intima
Absistat et vecordia,
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas.

Ut cum dies abscesserit
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne sæculum.

AMBROSIUS.

XCVI **Hymnus Matutinus.**

PROLES parentis optimi
Et par parenti maximo,
De luce vera vera lux,
Verusque de deo deus:

En nox recessit, jam nitet
Aurora luce prævia,
Cælum, solumque purpurans,
Et clausa tenebris detegens.

Sed fuscat ignorantiæ
Caligo nostra pectora,
Et nubilis erroribus
Mens pene cedit obruta.

O suffer not this haughty flesh
To lord it o'er our hearts afresh ;
Let us by Godly fast beware,
To curb and stint it of its fare ;

That when the day's receding light,
Gives place again to shady night,
We may, from worldly passion free,
Give all the glory unto Thee.

Unto the Father, God of heaven,
And to the Son be glory given,
And to the Spirit evermore,
One God—the God whom we adore.

AMBROSE.

96 **Morning Hymn.**

ETERNAL Son of God most high,
Sharing Thy Father's throne and might,
Thou art true God of very God,
True Light Thou art of very Light.

Night goeth, and the morn on high,
Tinged with the gleam of rising day,
Purples the solid earth and sky,
Sweeping the shades of night away.

But ah! in shades of deeper night,
Prostrate our souls beclouded lie,
Hopeless and sunk, bereft of light,
Until Thy sunshine fill our sky.

MATUTINUS ET VESPERTINUS.

Exurge, Sol purissime,
Diemque da mundo suum:
Nostramque noctem illuminans
Erroris umbram discute.

Dissolve frigus horridum
Arvumque nostri pectoris
Calore lampadis tuæ,
Humore purga noxio;

Ut irrigetur cælitus
Roris beati nectare,
Et centuplo cum fœnore
Cæleste semen proferat.

GEORGIUS BUCHANAN, ob. A.D. 1582.

XCVII **Hymnus Vespertinus.**

DEUS creator omnium
Polique rector, vestiens
Diem decoro lumine,
Noctem soporis gratia,

Artus solutos ut quies
Reddat laboris usui,
Mentesque fessas allevet
Luctusque solvat anxios.

Grates peracto jam die
Et noctis exortu preces
Votis, reos ut adjuves,
Hymnum canentes solvimus.

MORNING AND EVENING.

Jesus! our Sun, arise and shine,
  Shed all abroad Thy quickening ray,
Dissolve our clouds by light divine,
  And turn our darkness into day.

O let our coldness melt and flow,
  Bid wintry chill and death depart;
Let spring o'er all Thy vineyard glow,
  And spread the joy of life athwart.

Shed down from heaven Thy dew divine!
  Wide over all our barren ground,
Then shall that living seed of Thine,
  With fruit an hundredfold abound.

GEORGE BUCHANAN, ob. 1582.

97 **Evening Hymn.**

MAKER of all! Thou God of love!
  Ruling in earth and heaven above,
Robing the day in garb of light,
Hast wrapt in sleep the shady night,

To give the weary rest awhile,
To fit us for to-morrow's toil;
To give our drooping hearts repose,
Dissolving all our griefs and woes.

Thanks for the day, whose sinking light
Foreshadows now the coming night!
Guilty, to Thee for help we fly,
In hymns our voices lifting high.

VESPERTINUS.

Te cordis ima concinant,
Te vox canora concrepet,
Te diligat castus amor,
Te mens adoret sobria;

Ut cum profunda clauserit
Diem caligo noctium,
Fides tenebras nesciat,
Et nox fide reluceat.

Dormire mentem ne sinas,
Dormire culpa noverit
Castos fides refrigerans
Somni vaporem temperet.

Exuta sensu lubrico
Te cordis alta somnient,
Ne hostis invidi dolo
Pavor quietos suscitet.

Christum rogemus et patrem
Christi patrisque spiritum,
Unum potens per omnia
Fove precantes Trinitas.

AMBROSIUS, A.D. 340–397.

XCVIII **Hymnus Matutinus.**

JAM lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices;
Nostras ut Ipse dirigat
Lux increata, semitas.

EVENING HYMN.

To Thee our inmost hearts we raise ;
To Thee our voices rise in praise ;
To Thee our love would heavenward soar ;
Thee all our powers of thought adore ;

That when the darkness seals our sight,
And closes round in deepest night,
Our faith no gloom, no shade may know,
But through the night her radiance throw.

Let not our souls in slumber share,
Else sin will sleep in ambush there :
Faith be our sentinel in sleep ;
Then shall our rest be pure and deep.

O let our hearts, from sin set free,
Dream in their inmost depths of Thee!
And let no dread of secret foes
Ruffle the calm of our repose.

Eternal Son! we cry to Thee ;
Father and Spirit! One in Three,
And Three in One, through ages all ;
Almighty! hear us when we call. Amen.

AMBROSE, A.D. 340-397.

98 **Morning Hymn.**

THE star of morn is in the skies,
Let prayers and praises heavenward rise;
And may the uncreated Light,
Shed o'er our path His sunshine bright.

AD DEUM TRIUNUM.

Nil lingua, nil peccet manus,
Nil mens inane cogitet;
In ore simplex veritas,
In corde regnet caritas.

Incœpta dum fluet dies,
O Christe, custos pervigil,
Quas saevus hostis obsidet,
Portas tuere sensuum.

Praesta diurnus ut tuae
Subserviat laudi labor,
Auctore quae te cœpimus,
Da te favente prosequi.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu,
Nunc, et per omne saeculum.

BREVARIUM PARISIENSE.

AD DEUM TRIUNUM.

XCIX **Hymnus Vespertinus.**

O LUX beata Trinitas,
Et principalis Unitas!
Jam sol recedit igneus,
Infunde lumen cordibus.

Te mane laudum carmine,
Te deprecemur vesperi:
Te nostra supplex gloria
Per cuncta laudet sæcula.

TO THE THREE-ONE GOD.

Oh! let no thought or deed of guile
Our words misguide, our hands defile;
Let truth all simple rule our tongue,
And love our hearts—love pure and strong.

And as the day fleets fast away,
O Christ, keep watch o'er all our way,
Our senses guard—the soul's wide gates,
For there the foe in ambush waits.

If Thou wilt keep our feet from snares,
Our very toils will rise to prayers,
Finding our great first cause in Thee,
Thou too our great last end wilt be.

Unto the Father, God of heaven,
Unto the Son, be glory given,
And to the Spirit evermore,
One God, the God whom we adore.

PARIS BREVIARY.

TO THE THREE-ONE GOD.

99 **Evening Hymn.**

WHEN sinks in night that radiant sun,
Still shine, Thou blessed Three-in-One
Thou everlasting One-in-Three,
O let us find our Sun in Thee.

Thy praise we sing by morning light,
Our prayers arise when falls the night:
Oh, when night follows day no more,
Thy Godhead we would still adore!

VIGILANTIA.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

AMBROSIUS, A.D. 340–397

C

Hymnus excerptus e precedentibus, lxxxiv.-lxxxvi., 1-8, 81-84, 97-100.

ALES diei nuntius
Lucem propinquam præcinit;
Nos excitator mentium
Jam Christus ad vitam vocat.

Auferte, clamat, lectulos
Ægros, soporos, desides:
Castique, recti, ac sobrii
Vigilate: jam sum proximus.

Jesum ciamus vocibus,
Flentes, precantes, sobrii:
Intenta supplicatio
Dormire cor mundum vetat.

Tu, Christe, somnum disjice,
Tu rumpe noctis vincula:
Tu solve peccatum vetus,
Novumque lumen ingere.

Deo Patri sit gloria
Ejusque soli Filio
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

PRUDENTIUS, *natus* A.D. 348.

Unto the Father, God of heaven,
And to the Son be glory given,
And to the Spirit evermore,
One God, the God whom we adore.

AMBROSE, A.D. 340–397.

Hymn introduced into many Breviaries, and selected from Nos. 84-86, vv. 1-8, 81-84, 97-100.

THE bird that heralds in the light
Crows loud to hail the rising day;
And from our sleep of Death and Night,
Christ bids us rise and come away.

Wake up! ye slumberers, He cries,
Sunken in sloth and earthly cheer;
And pure, and right, and wakeful, rise;
The night is spent, the day is near.

Jesus! Thy name be lifted high,
By watchful souls that pray or weep;
Oh, let our cry ascend the sky,
The very cry will banish sleep.

O Christ, unbind the chains of Night;
Undo the guilt, the power of sin;
Scatter its slumber by Thy might,
And shed new sunshine all within.

To God the Father glory be!
And to His only Son, Most High!
And to the Spirit, One in Three!
Now, henceforth, and eternally. Amen.

PRUDENTIUS, *b.* A.D. 348.

ANNUS NOVUS.

CI

ANNUS, evolavit pennis;
Anima! sic is perennis!
Annus ævum in hesternum,
Velox tu in sempiternum.

Retro fugit annus alis
In aeternum; immortalis
Tu occurres venienti
Saeculo indesinenti.

Ne superbus gloriare,
Noli tuam vim jactare,
Tecum atrox, personata
Mors it, tua flectens fata.

Vita inquit: 'ego fortis,'
Immemor invictæ Mortis;
Nudans ensem Mors et vultum
Jactatorem sternit stultum.

Trade Deo te vocanti,
Tibi reo condonanti.
Salva Christi per cruorem,
Carpe vitam celsiorem.

Pergis in diem supernam,
Anni noctem in aeternam;
Retro viam nequiorem
Petunt, tu praestantiorem.

101

As the rapid year has sped,
Thou, my soul! art speeding so;
It has gone into the past,—
To the future thou must go.

To the past Eternity
Time for ever hastes away;
To the Eternity to come,
Is thy grand and awful way.

Glory not in mortal strength,
Child of weakness! in thy pride;
Ruthless, shrouded in his mask,
Death, with Life, walks side by side.

Boasting Life cries, 'I am strong;'
'I am stronger,' Death replies;
Drops his mask, unsheathes his sword,
And the boaster lowly lies.

Give thyself to God my soul!
To be sheltered and forgiven;
By the blood of Jesus bought,
Lay thou hold of life and heaven.

Let thy years then pass and go,
Thou dost seek a better way;
They but sink to endless night,
Thou dost rise to endless day.

ANNUS NOVUS.

Pallidam saluta mortem,
Dabit bonam tibi sortem
Super stellas ascendenti,
Cæli vitam prosequenti.

Nocte tibi quiescendum,
At per diem est agendum ;
Regna noctis relicturus
Cane sursum volaturus.

HODIERNUS.

FINIS.

NEW YEAR.

Bid the pale-faced monarch hail,
'Come and welcome,' be thy cry;
Far above the milky way,
Claim the future, climb the sky.

Thine to rest when night has come
But to work while it is day;
Then to leave the realms of night,
And with songs to soar away.

MODERN.

END.

EDINBURGH:

CRAWFORD AND M'CABE, PRINTERS, 15 QUEEN STREET.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018